

THE TIGER AND THE WOODPECKER

Telugu, a vibrant language even in medieval times, produced the distinguished poet Manchana. His stories are all delightful lessons in wisdom. Some teach us the value of honour while others tell us that might is not always right. We see a tiny rat outwitting a venomous serpent and then an old turtle saving his friends from a greedy eagle. Read on to learn a trick or two...

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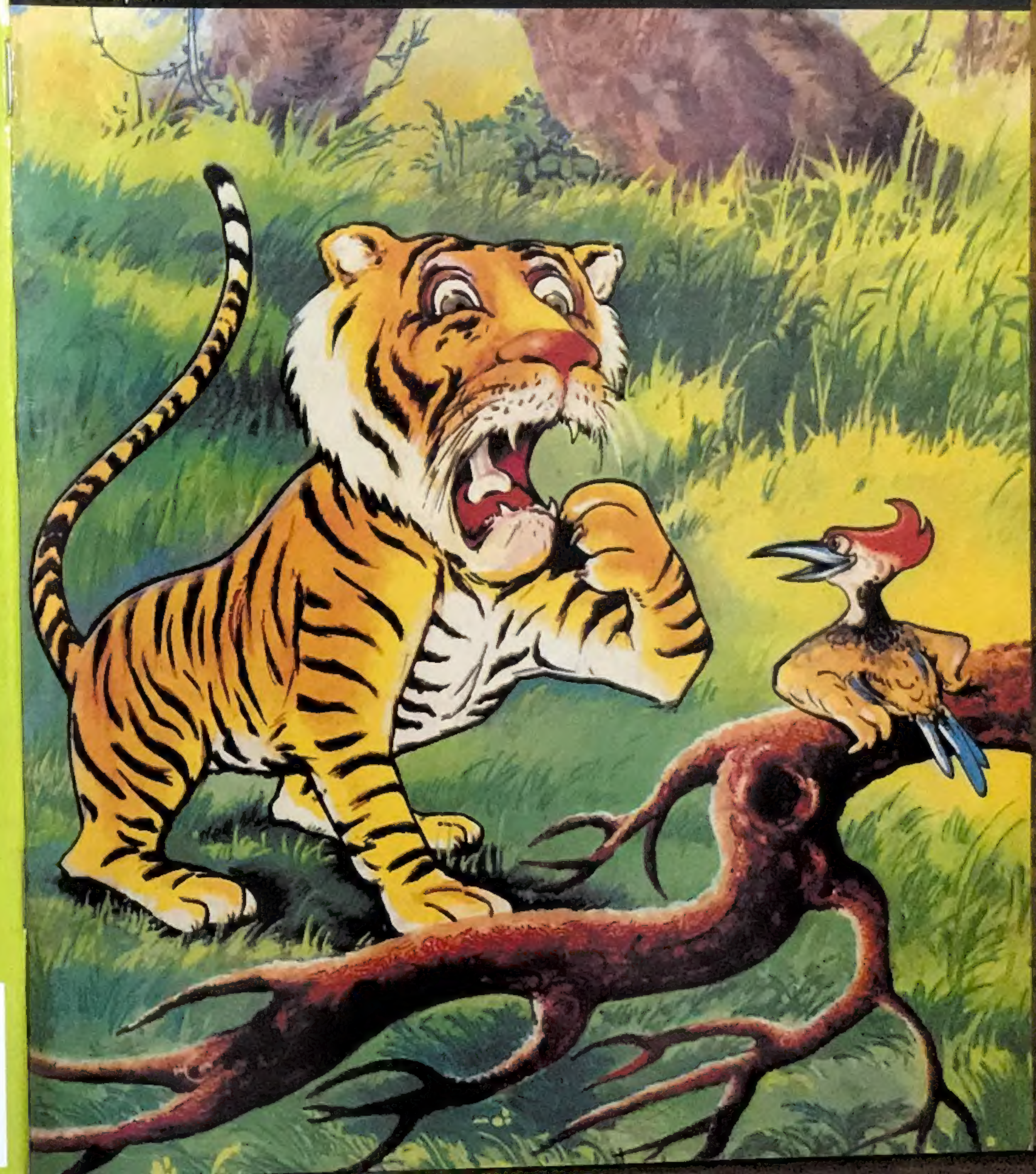
FABLES & HUMOUR



THE TIGER AND THE WOODPECKER

ANIMAL TALES FROM A TELUGU CLASSIC

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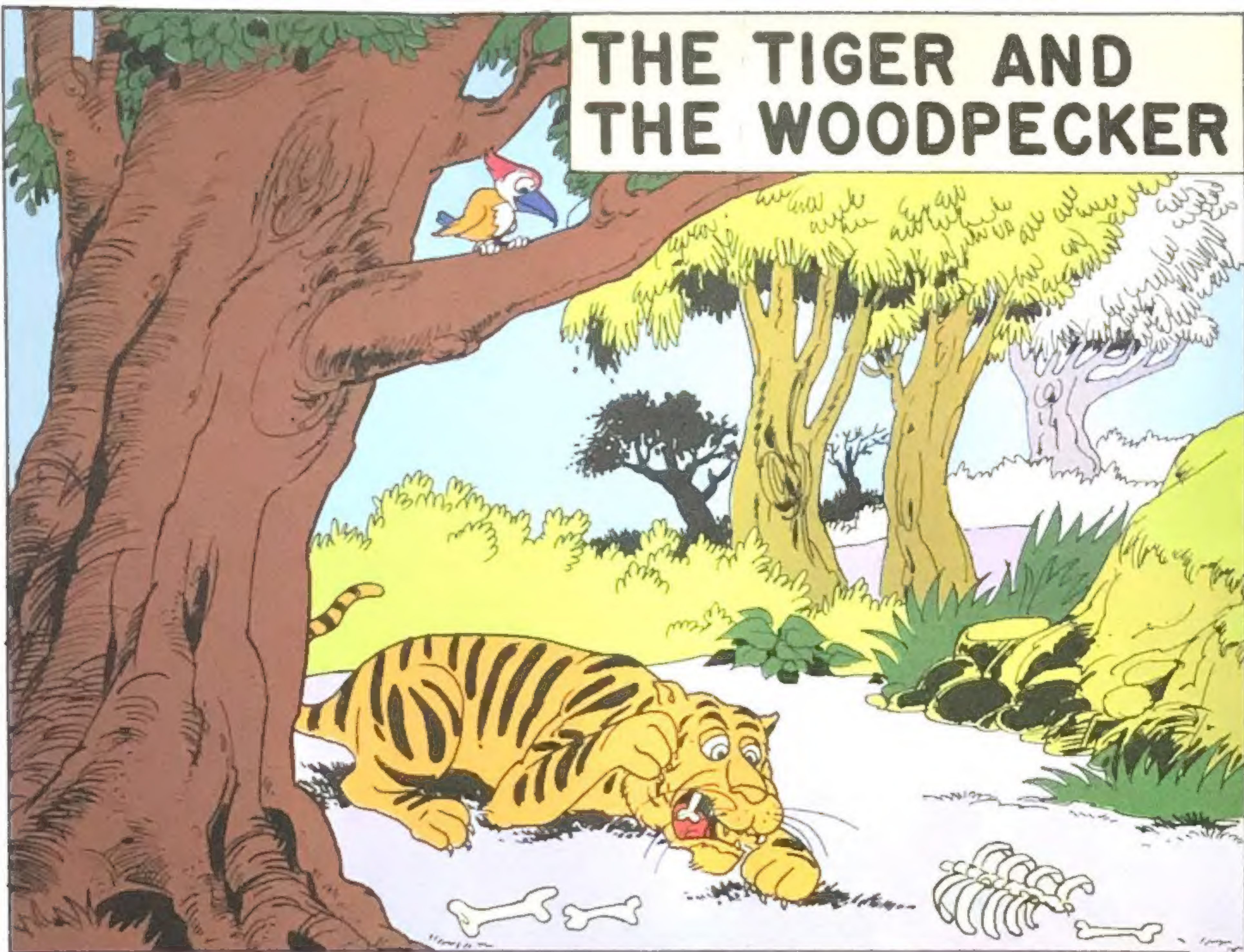


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THE TIGER AND THE WOODPECKER



ONE DAY, AS A TIGER WAS DEVOURING THE GAME HE HAD KILLED, A BONE STUCK IN HIS JAW. A WOODPECKER, WHO LIVED IN THE BRANCHES ABOVE, WATCHED HIM.

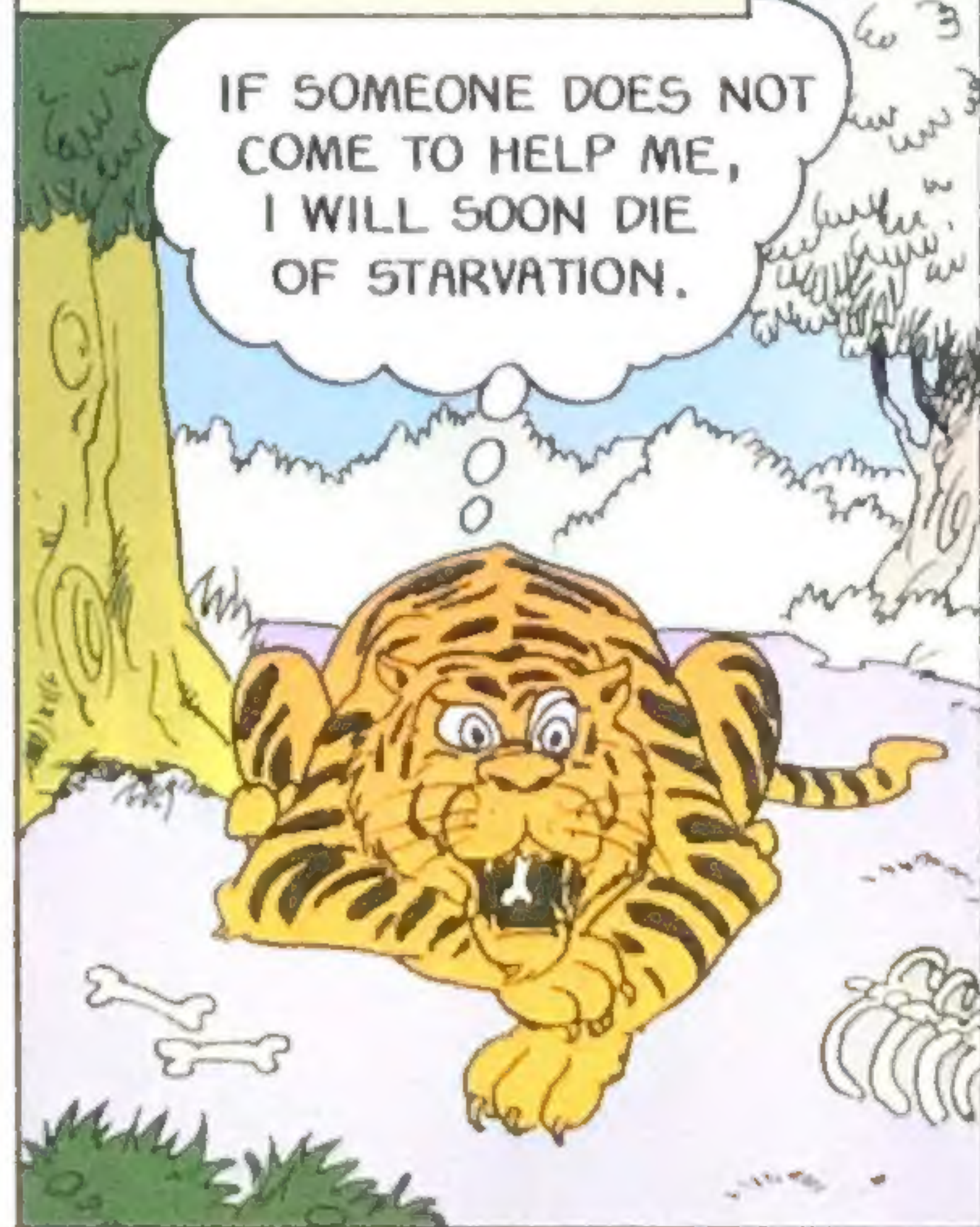
TRY AS IT MIGHT, HE COULD NOT GET THE BONE UNSTUCK.

I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO EAT ANYTHING UNLESS I GET THIS BONE OUT.

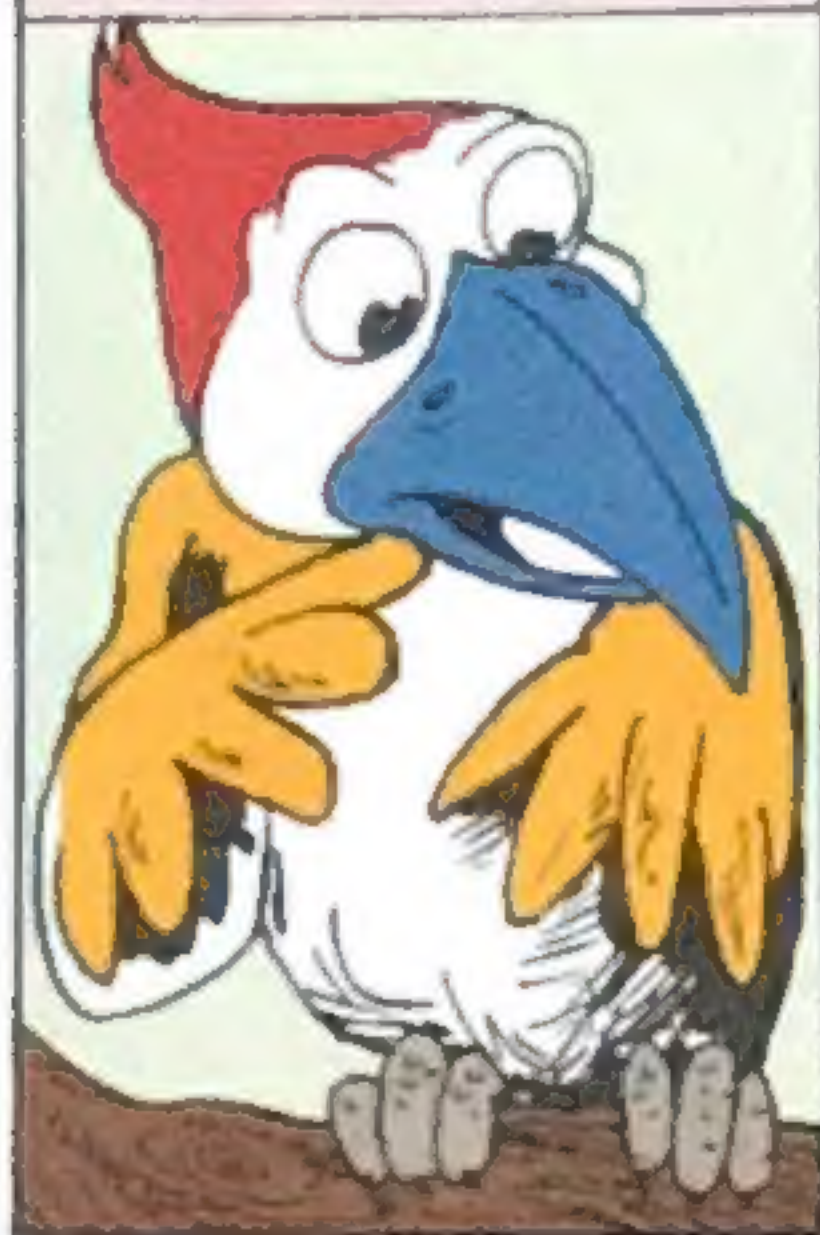


DAYS PASSED. HE BECAME WEAKER AND WEAKER.

IF SOMEONE DOES NOT COME TO HELP ME, I WILL SOON DIE OF STARVATION.



THE WOODPECKER WAS PUZZLED.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY DO YOU LIE THERE WITH YOUR MOUTH OPEN?

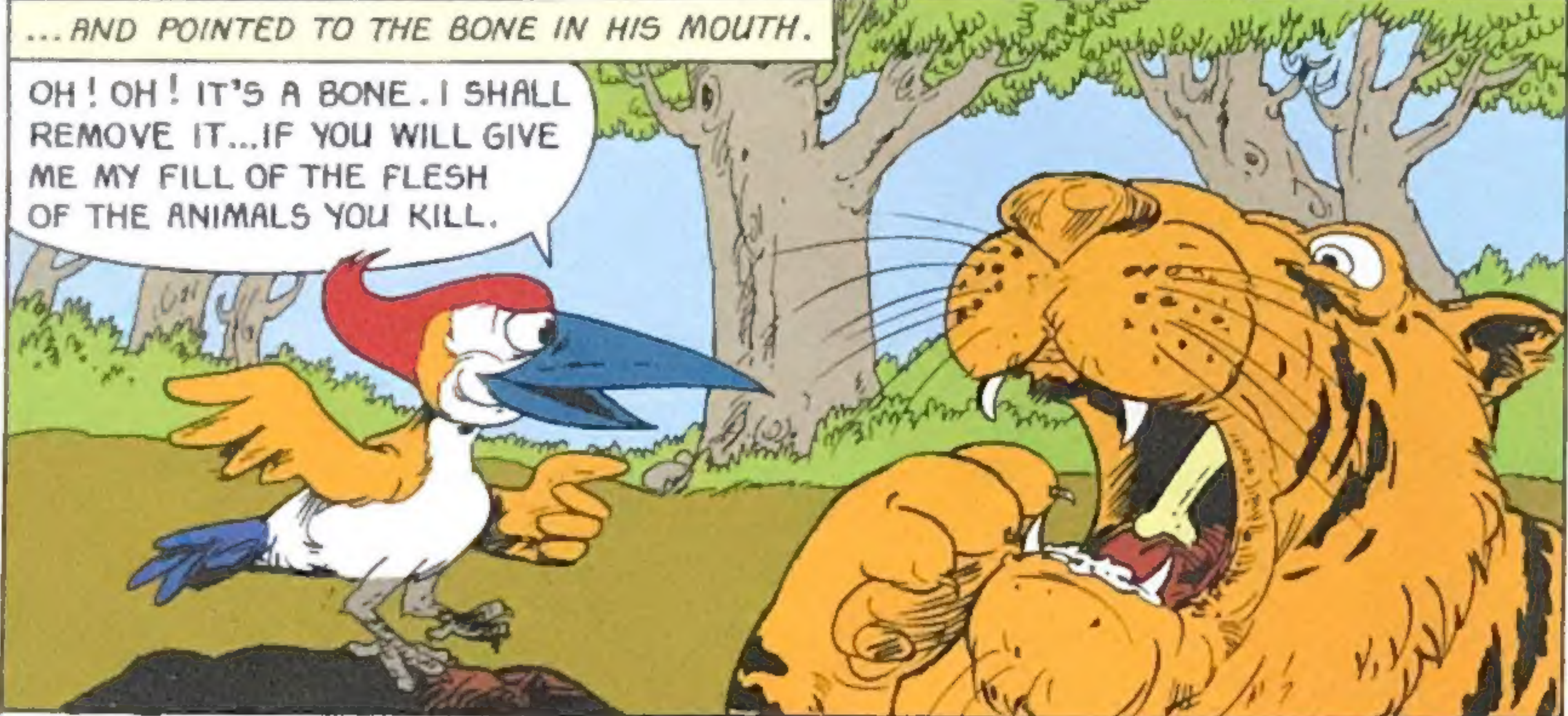


THE TIGER BECKONED TO THE WOODPECKER TO COME NEAR...



...AND POINTED TO THE BONE IN HIS MOUTH.

OH! OH! IT'S A BONE. I SHALL REMOVE IT...IF YOU WILL GIVE ME MY FILL OF THE FLESH OF THE ANIMALS YOU KILL.



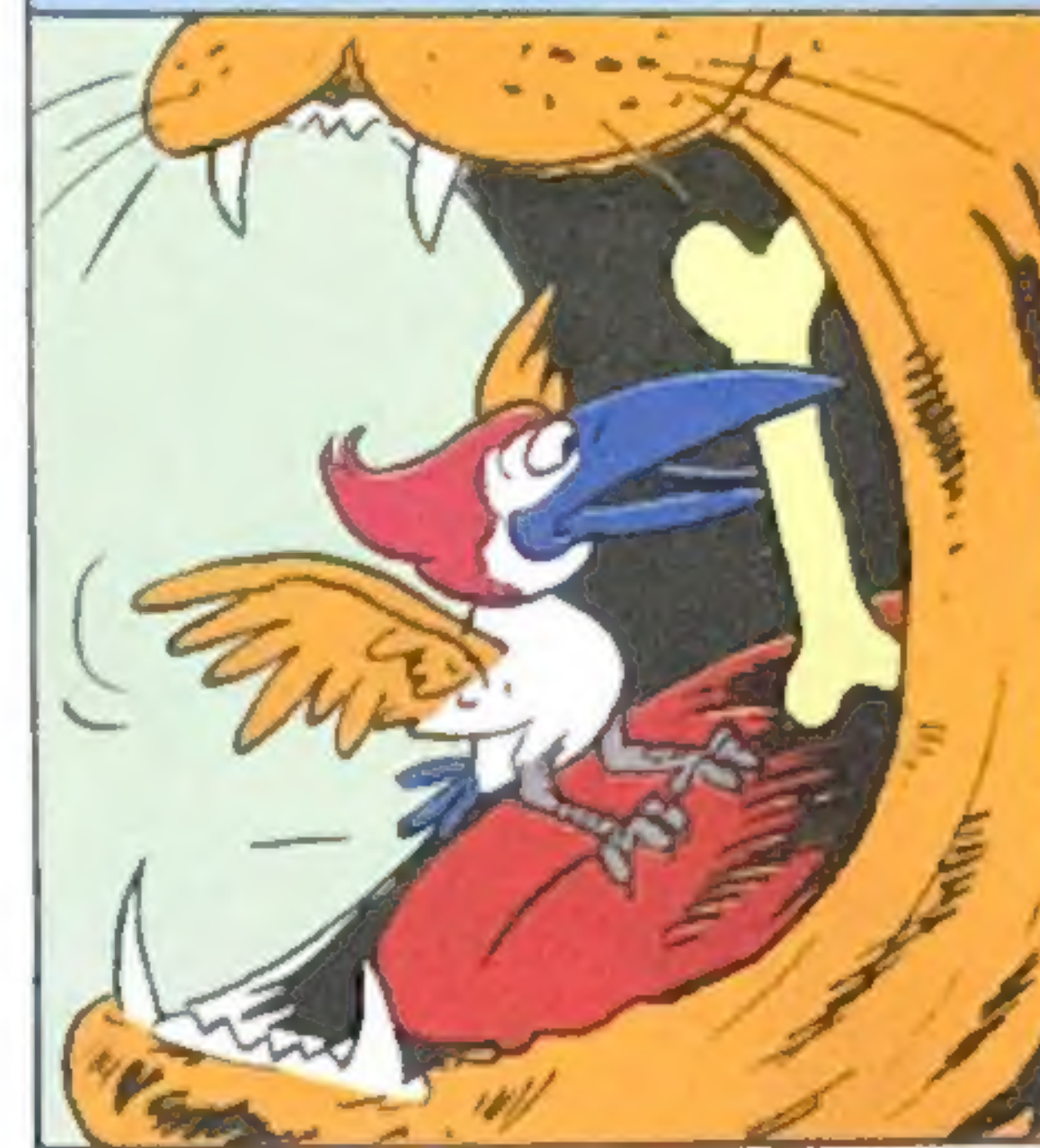
THE TIGER NODDED HIS HEAD.



THE WOODPECKER FLEW INTO THE TIGER'S MOUTH...



...PULLED OUT THE BONE...



...CAME OUT OF THE TIGER'S MOUTH AT FULL SPEED...



...FLEW UP TO THE TREE...



...AND PERCHING THERE, DROPPED THE BONE.



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE TIGER KILLED AN ANIMAL AND BEGAN DEVOURING IT.



HEY, FRIEND, WAIT! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PROMISE? GIVE ME MY SHARE.

THE TIGER LOOKED AT THE WOODPECKER AND PRETENDED HE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.

WHO ARE YOU?
WHY SHOULD
I OFFER YOU
ANY PART OF
THIS?



THE WOODPECKER WAS SHOCKED.

WHAT!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER
ME? I PULLED OUT
THE BONE FROM YOUR
MOUTH. HOW COULD
YOU FORGET ME
SO SOON?



THE TIGER LAUGHED.

YOU KNOW I AM A WILD ANIMAL.
I COULD EASILY HAVE EATEN YOU
WHEN YOU ENTERED MY MOUTH.
I DIDN'T. BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT
AND BEGONE!



SO THAT'S IT. YOU TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF ME
BECAUSE I AM WEAK.
BUT THEN I HAVE MY
SHARP BEAK.



THE WOODPECKER PATIENTLY WAITED
FOR THE TIGER TO DOZE AFTER THE
HEAVY MEAL.

AH! HE'S
ASLEEP!

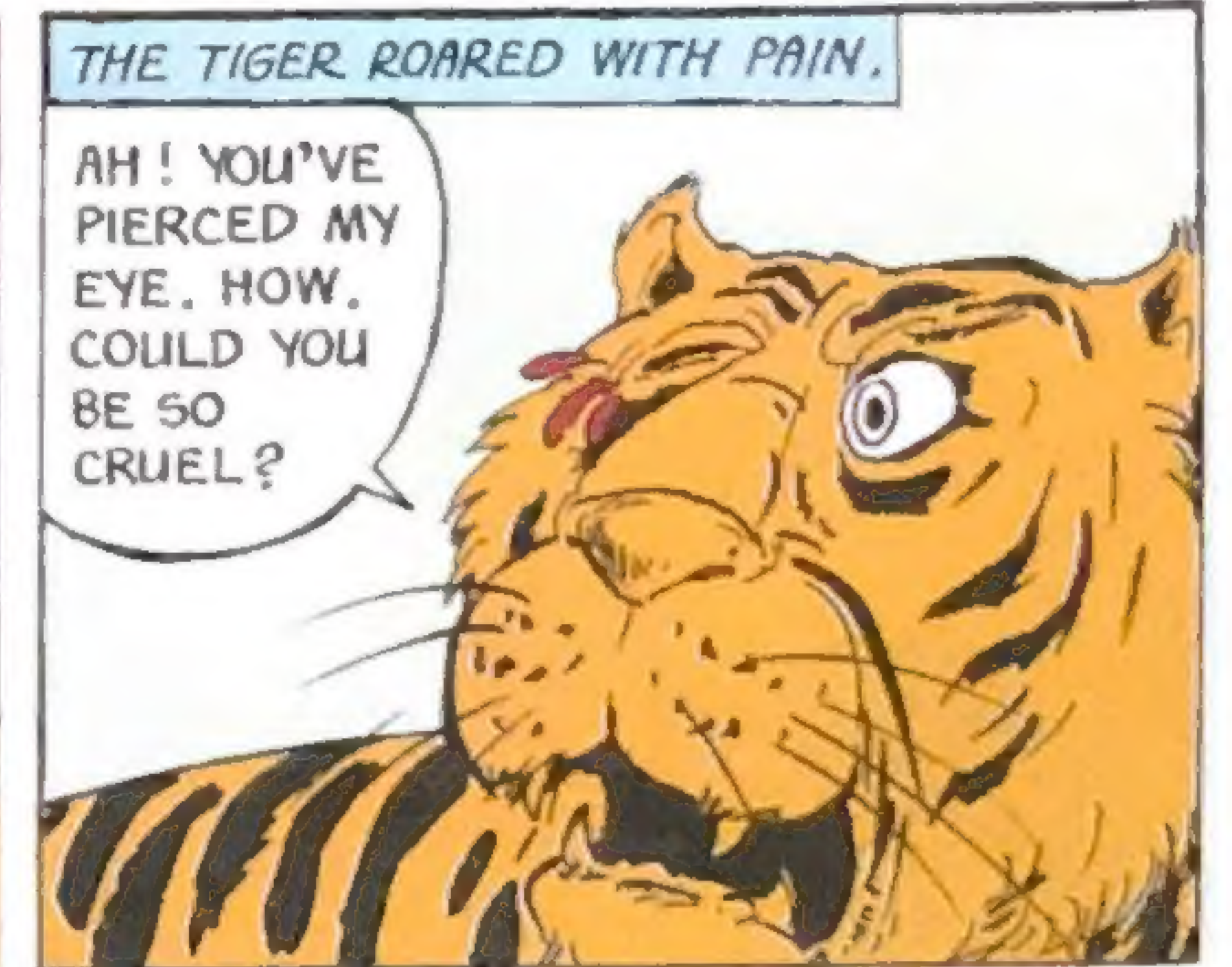


IT SWOOPED DOWN
AND PECKED AT ONE
OF THE TIGER'S
EYES, BLINDING IT.

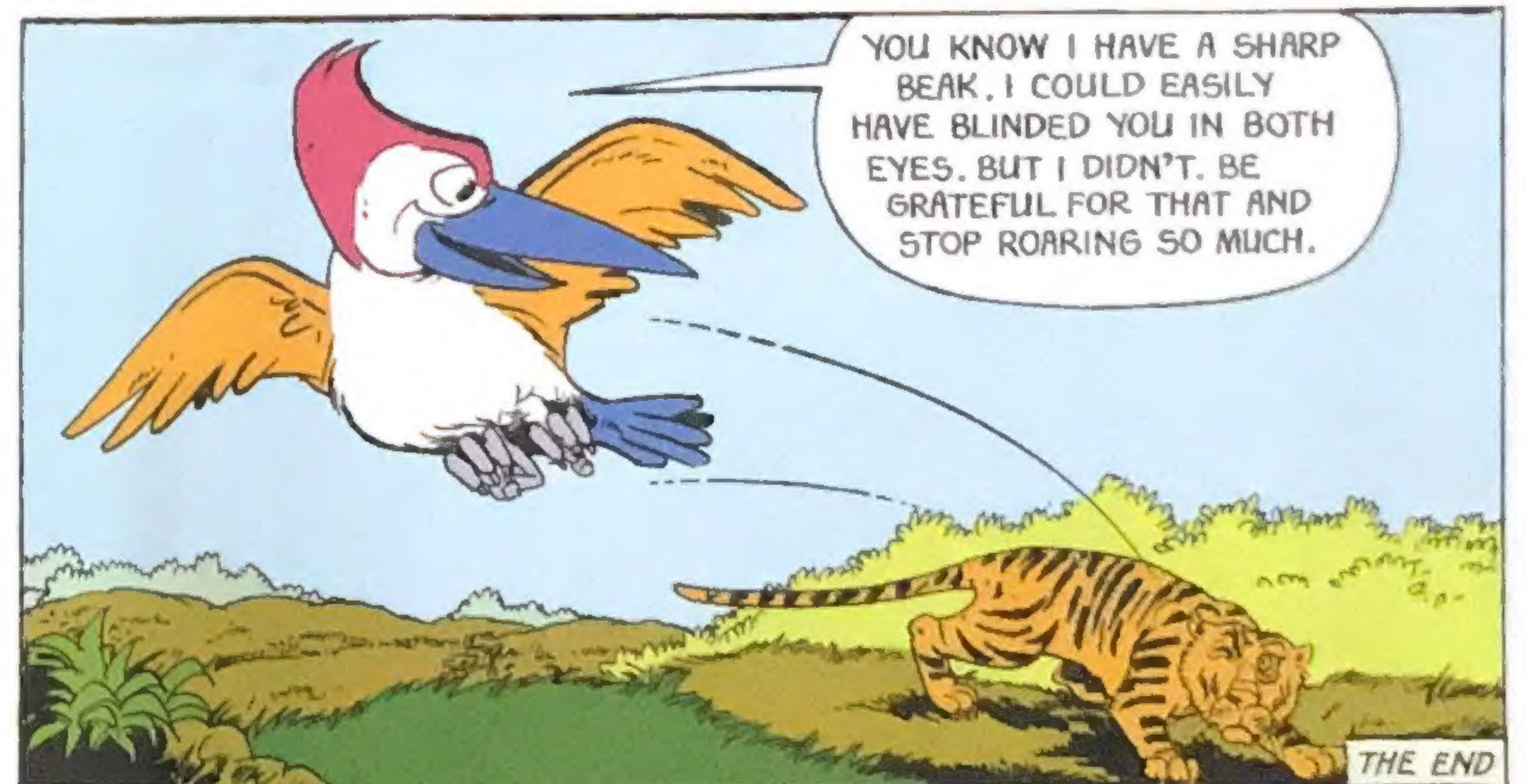


THE TIGER ROARED WITH PAIN.

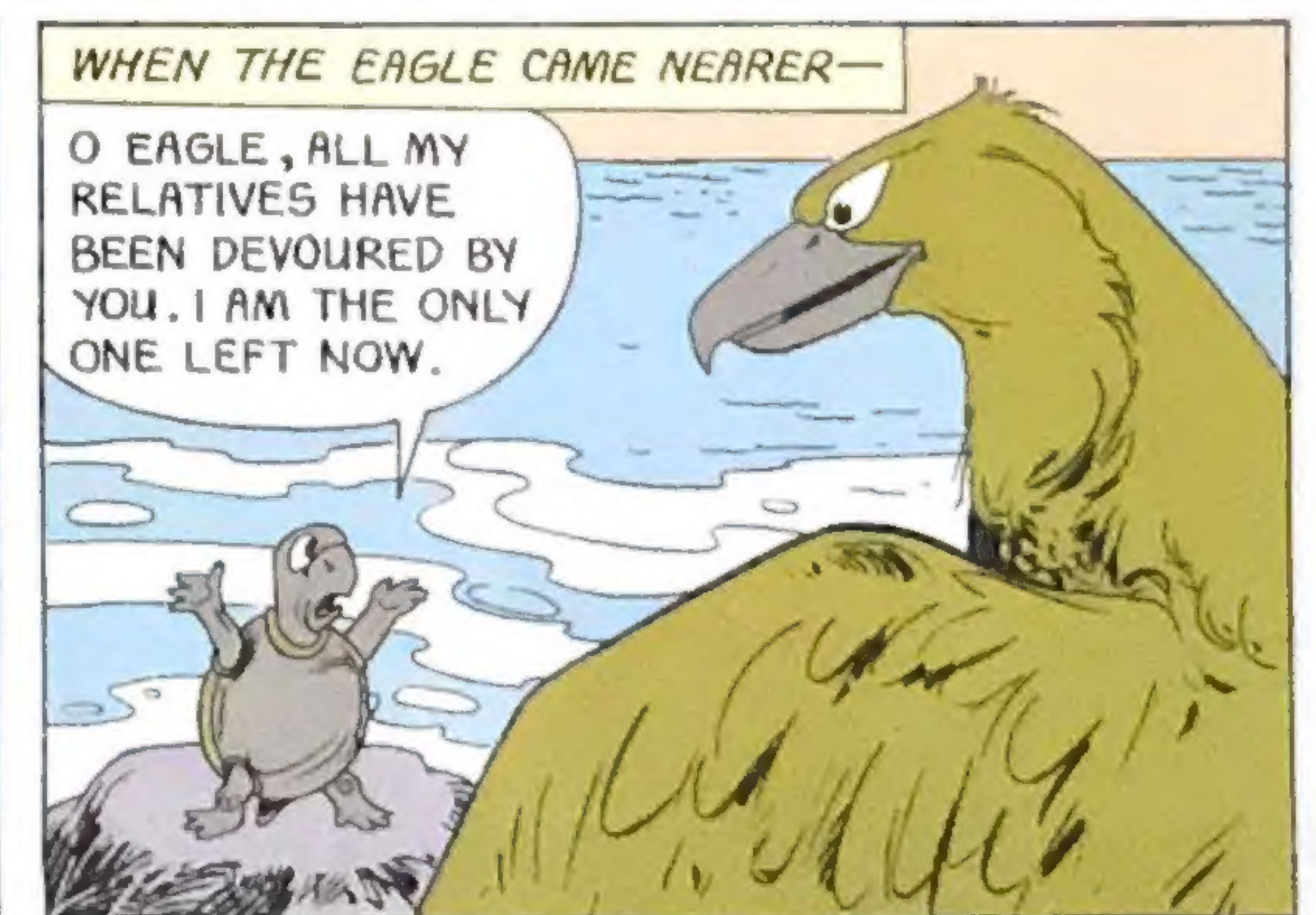
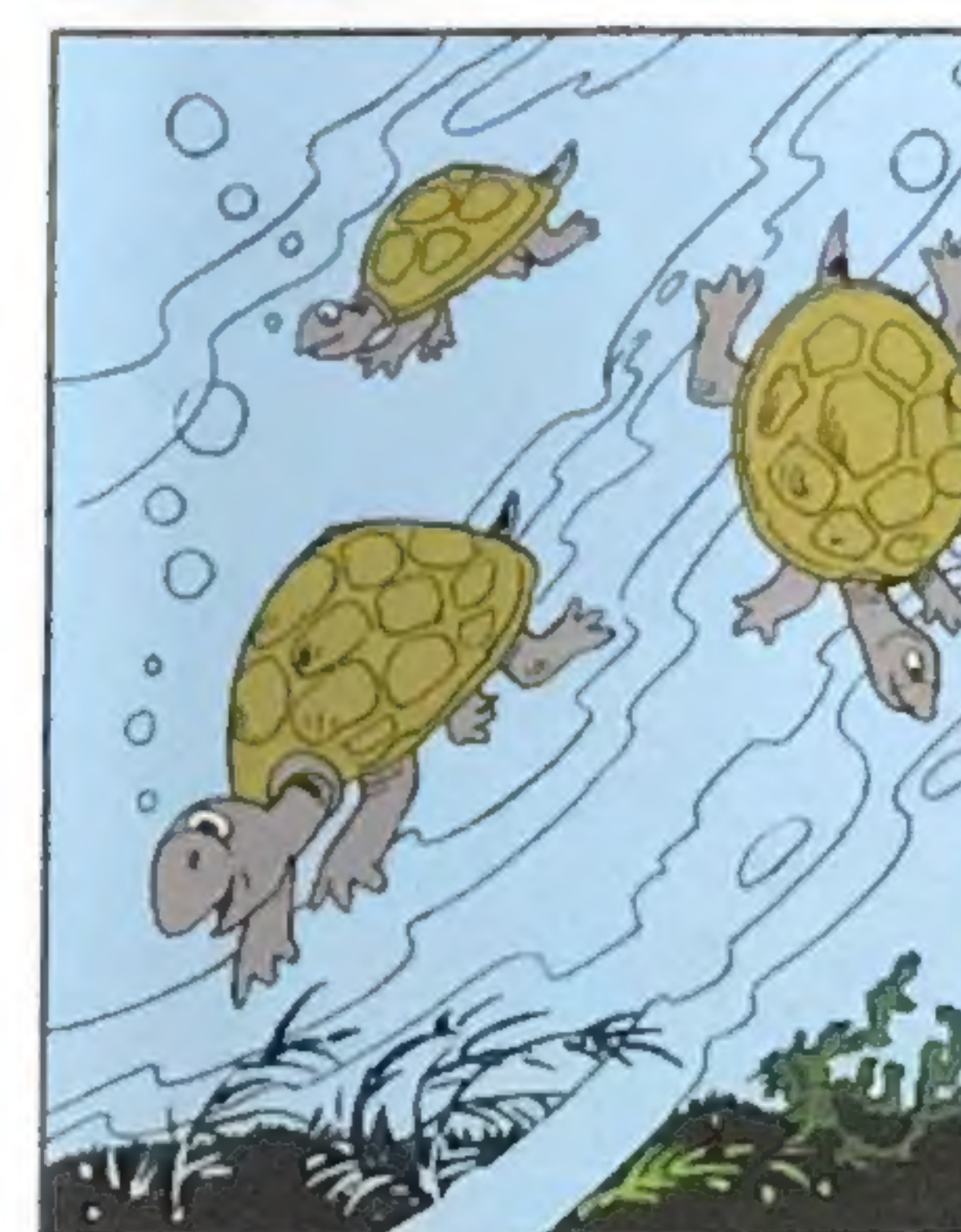
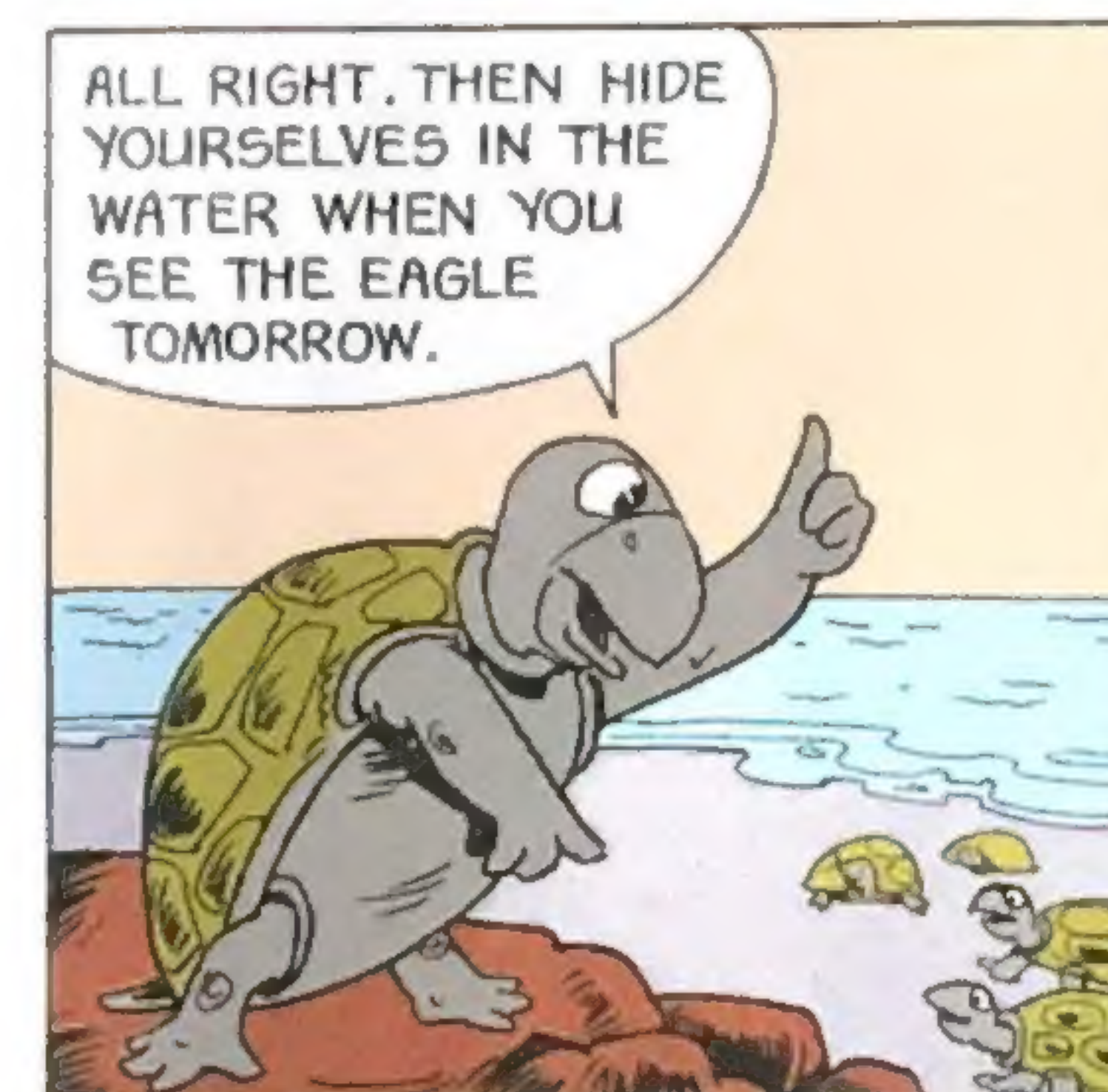
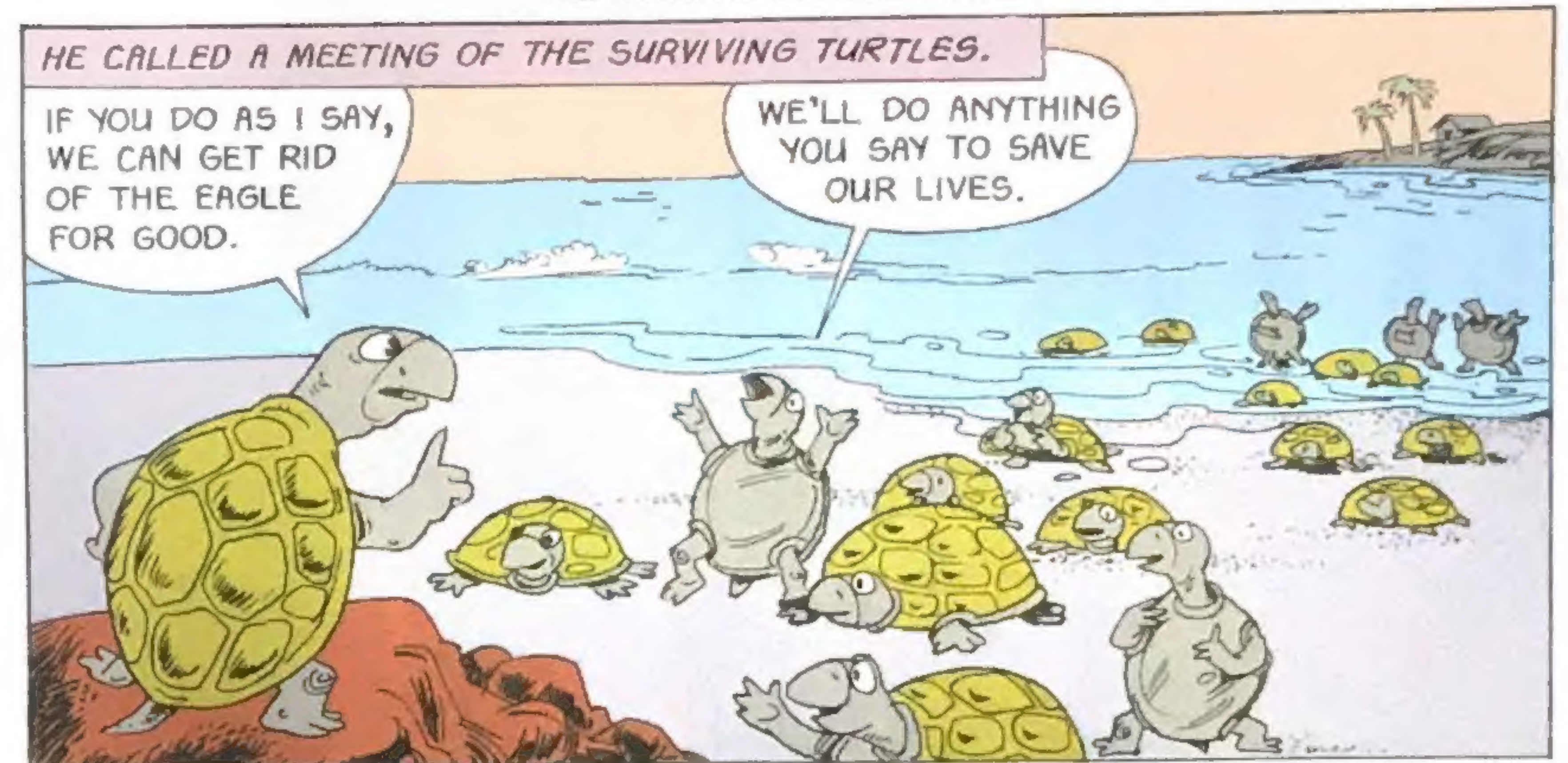
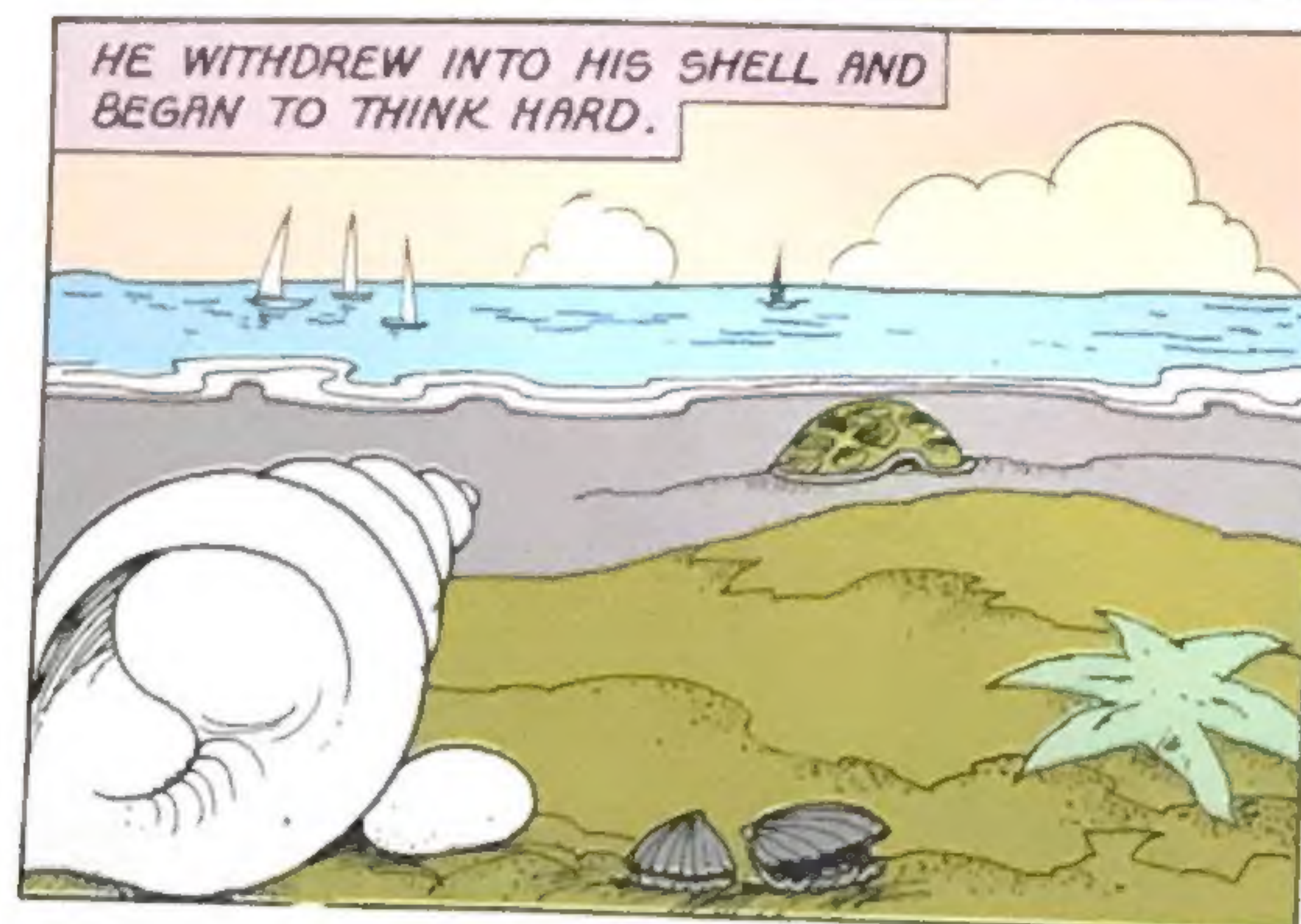
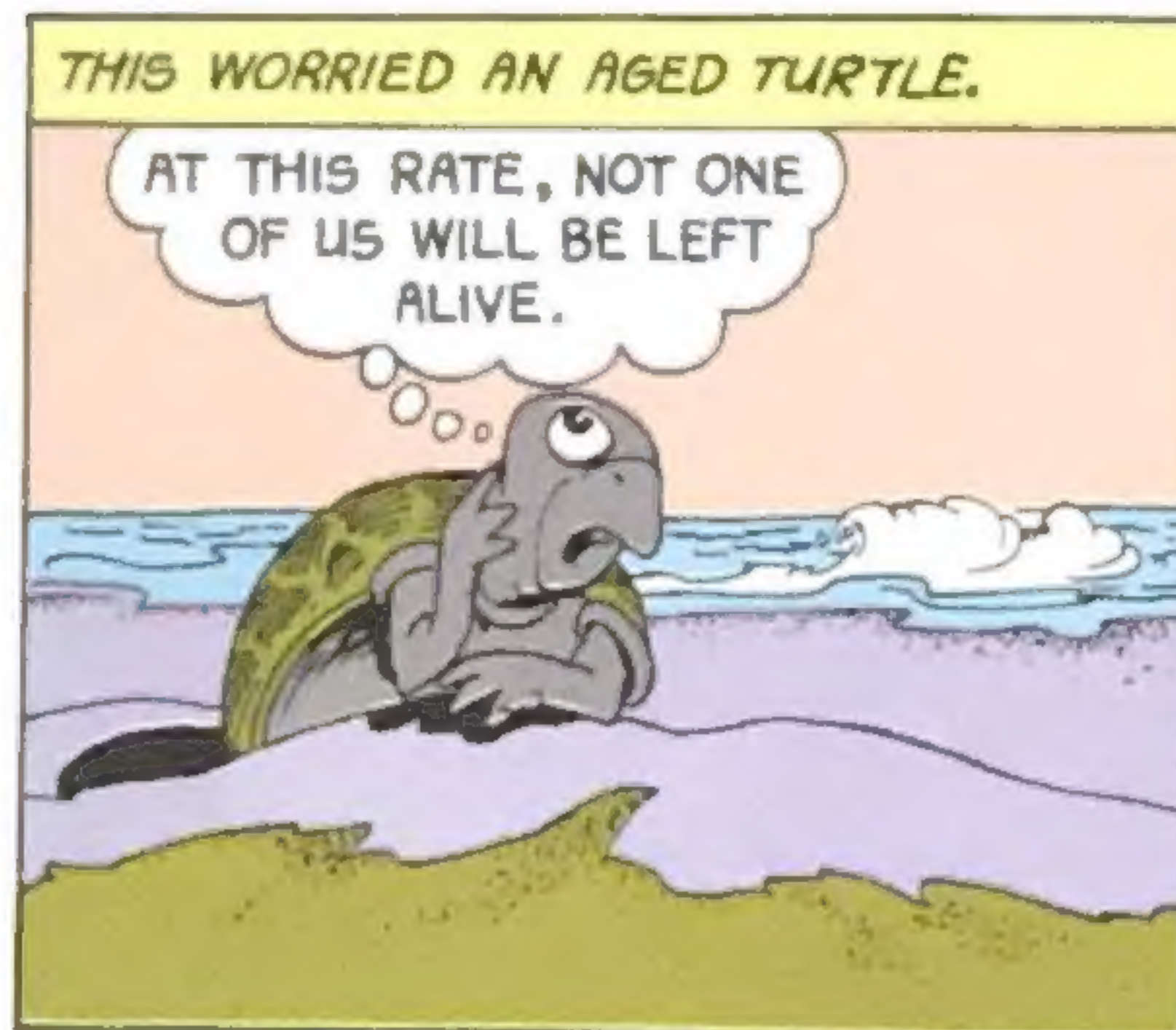
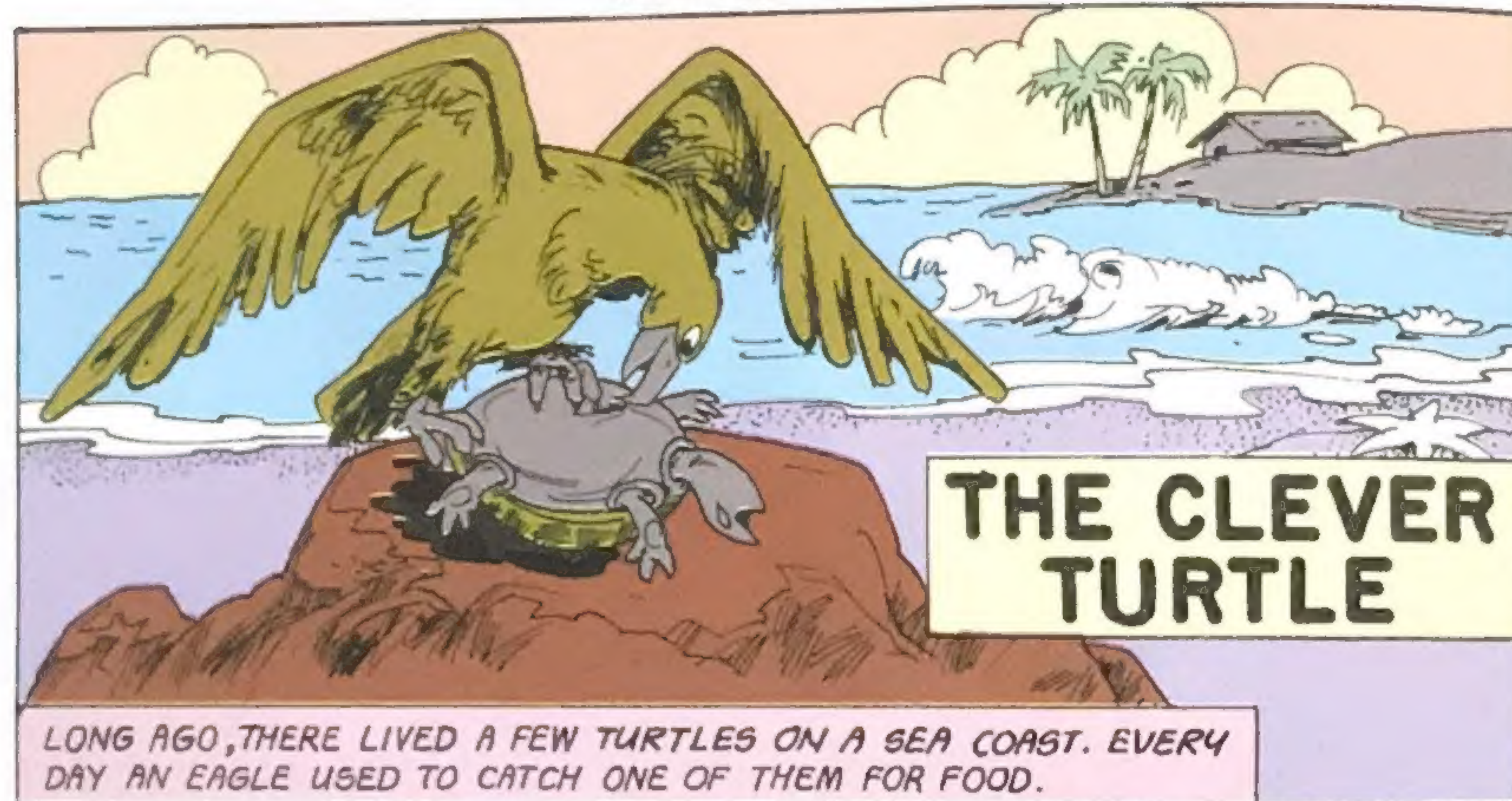
AH! YOU'VE
PIERCED MY
EYE. HOW
COULD YOU
BE SO
CRUEL?

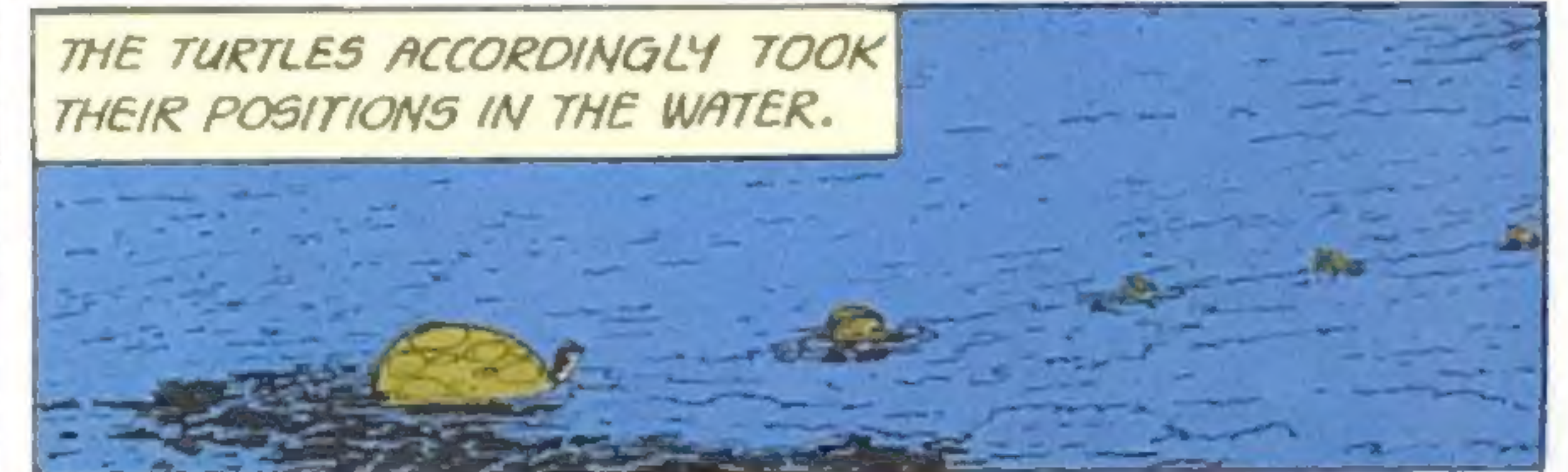
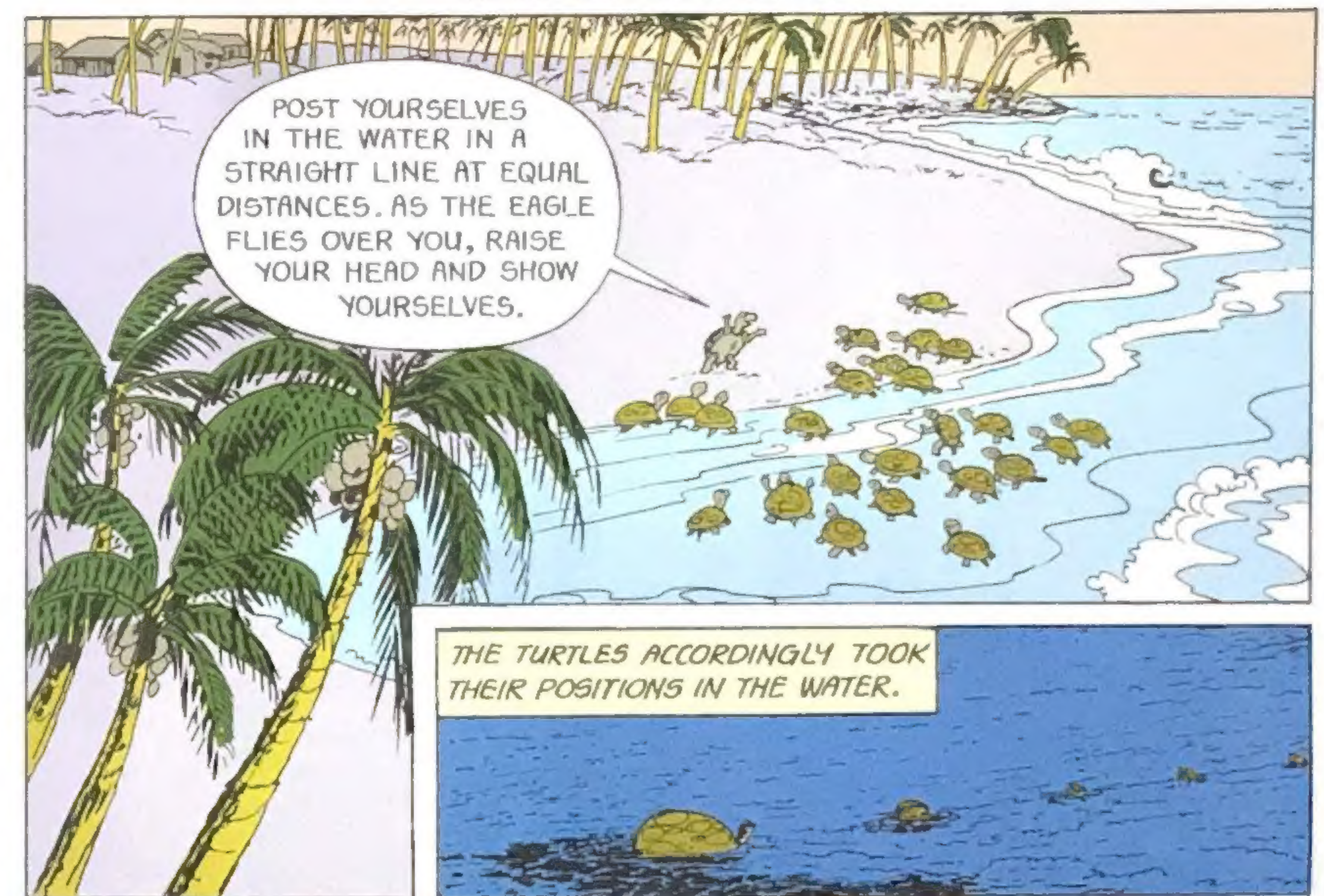
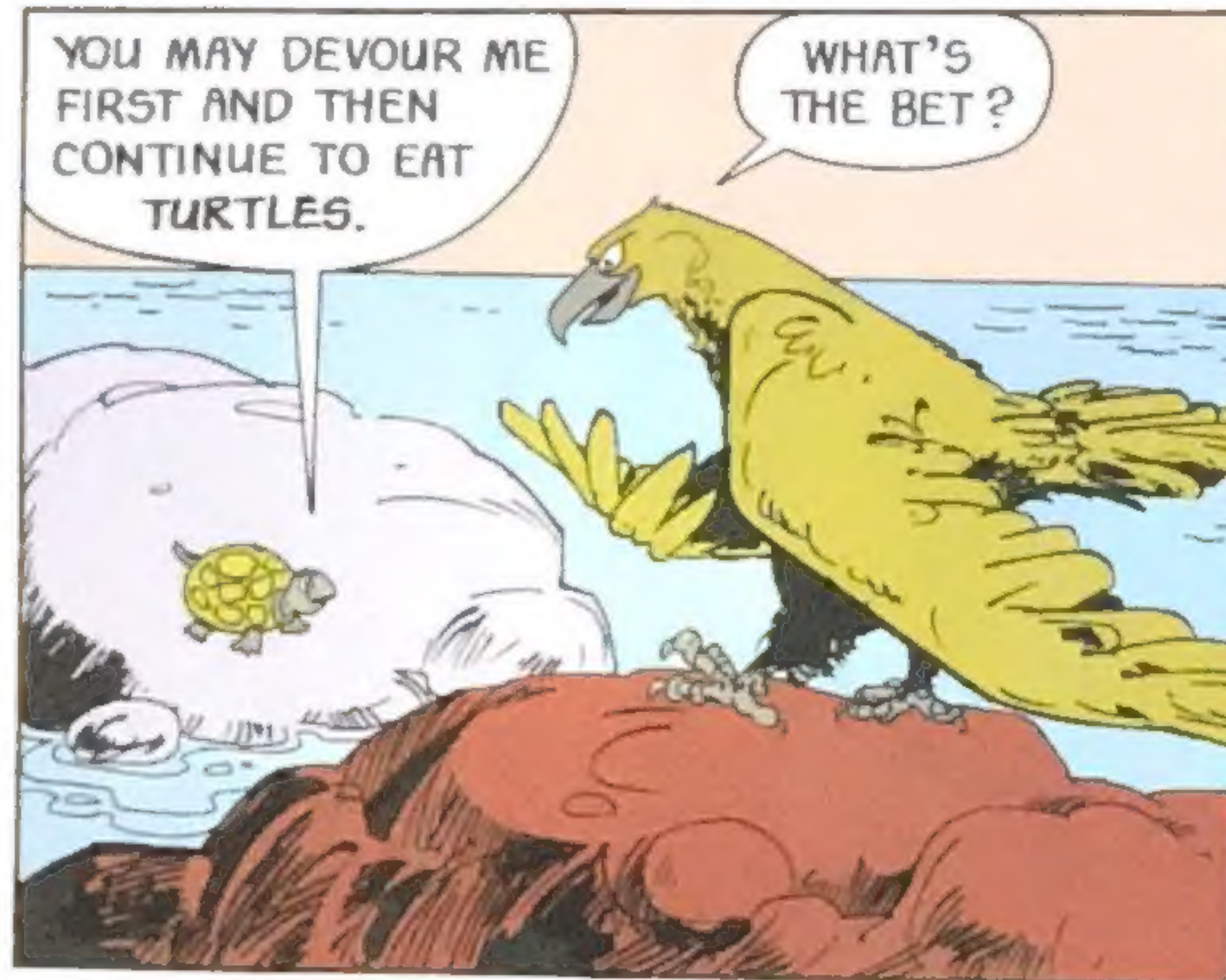
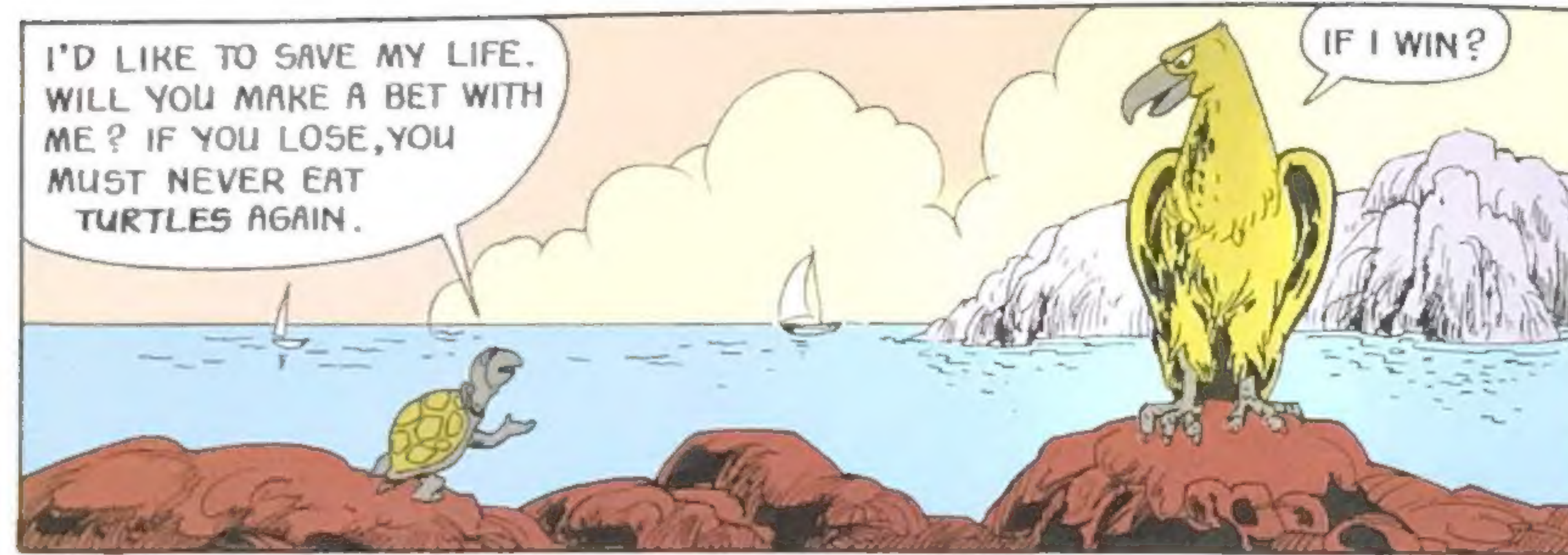


YOU KNOW I HAVE A SHARP
BEAK. I COULD EASILY
HAVE BLINDED YOU IN BOTH
EYES. BUT I DIDN'T. BE
GRATEFUL FOR THAT AND
STOP ROARING SO MUCH.



THE END





...THE TURTLE SEEMED TO BE ALWAYS AHEAD OF HIM BY MILES

I CANNOT KEEP IT UP ANY LONGER. BUT THE TURTLE SEEMS FRESH AS EVER.

NO. I CANNOT. LET ME FLY AWAY TO A TREE ON SHORE BEFORE I FALL DOWN EXHAUSTED.

THE NEXT DAY, HE CAME TO SEE THE OLD TURTLE.

YOU WIN. I WILL NEVER EAT ANOTHER TURTLE IN MY LIFE.

THE END

THE HARE, THE PARTRIDGE AND THE TIGER

ON THE BANKS OF THE NARMADA WAS A FOREST. THE ANIMALS WHO LIVED THERE WERE ALWAYS QUARRELLING.

WE QUARREL BECAUSE WE HAVE NO KING TO SETTLE OUR DISPUTES.

YES. WE SHOULD HAVE A KING.

BUT WHO WILL BE THE KING?

PANDEMONIUM BROKE OUT.

I WILL BE THE KING.

NOT YOU. I WILL BE THE KING.

IT SHOULD BE ME.

AN OLD AND INFIRM TIGER, WHO HAD RECENTLY MIGRATED TO THAT FOREST WAS ROUSED FROM HIS SLUMBER.



WHERE IS THIS NOISE FROM? LET ME SEE.

WHEN THE ANIMALS SAW THE OLD TIGER APPROACHING—

WHY DON'T WE MAKE HIM OUR KING?

A GOOD IDEA.



SO WHEN THE OLD TIGER CAME TO THEM—

WE NEED A KING. WILL YOU BE OUR KING AND RULE OVER US?

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY GOOD LUCK! MY DAYS OF STARVATION ARE OVER.



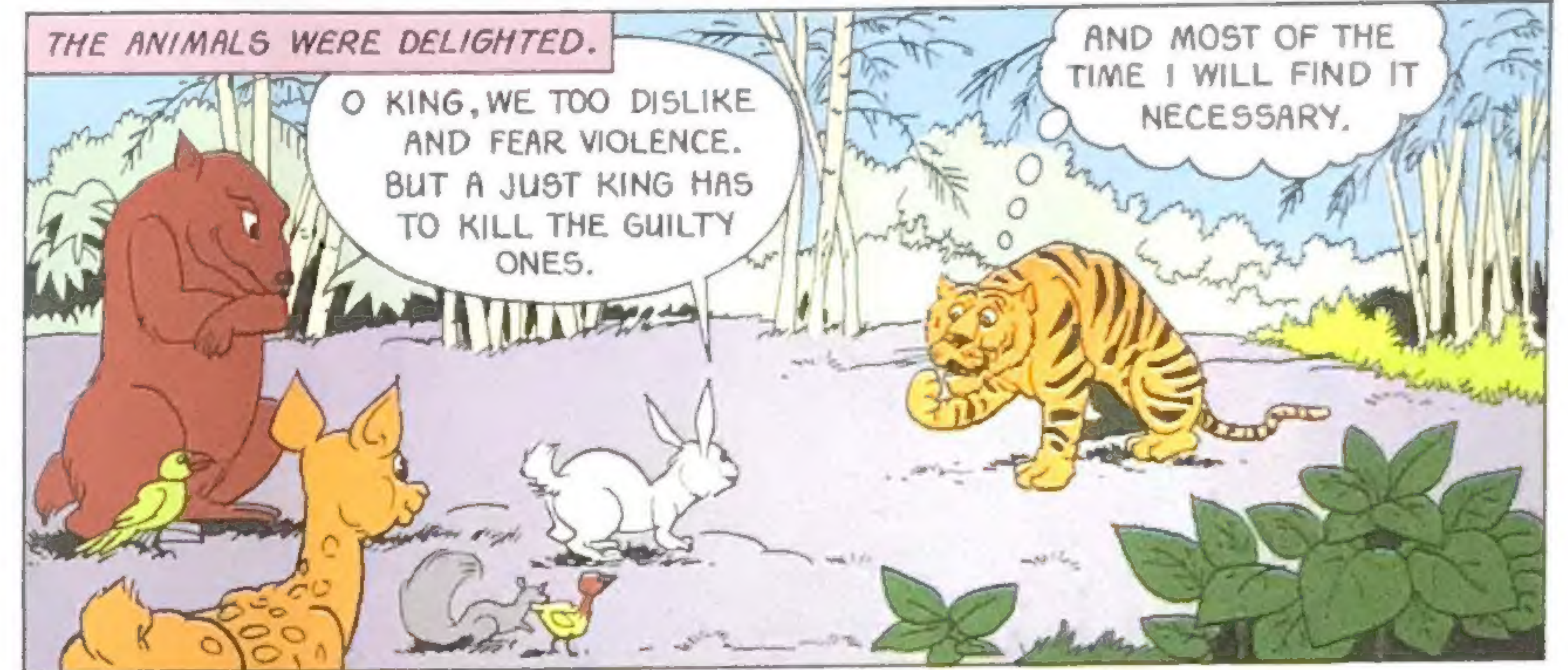
I DO NOT MIND BEING KING. BUT I DISLIKE VIOLENCE. SO I WILL KILL ONLY IF IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AFTER MAKING A CAREFUL STUDY OF EACH CASE.



THE ANIMALS WERE DELIGHTED.

O KING, WE TOO DISLIKE AND FEAR VIOLENCE. BUT A JUST KING HAS TO KILL THE GUILTY ONES.

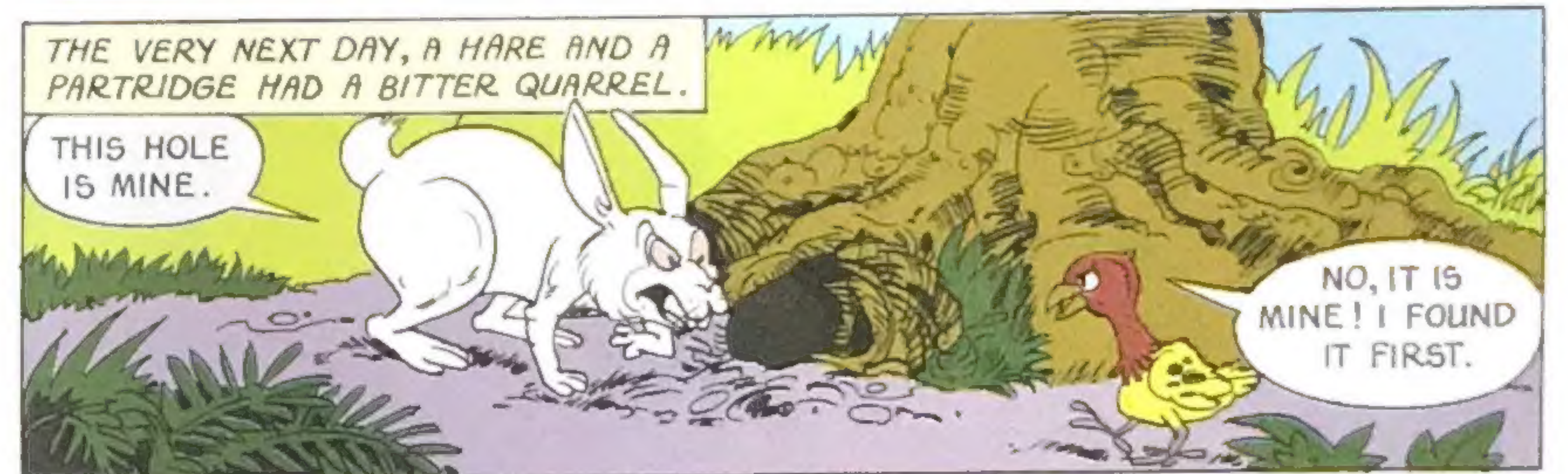
AND MOST OF THE TIME I WILL FIND IT NECESSARY.



THE VERY NEXT DAY, A HARE AND A PARTRIDGE HAD A BITTER QUARREL.

THIS HOLE IS MINE.

NO, IT IS MINE! I FOUND IT FIRST.



YOU FOUND IT ALL RIGHT. BUT IT WAS MY FATHER WHO MADE IT.

BUT YOUR FATHER ABANDONED IT. I MOVED IN. SO IT'S MINE.



THE HARE WAS QUIET FOR A MOMENT. THEN AN IDEA STRUCK HIM.

LET'S GO TO OUR KING! LET HIM DECIDE TO WHOM IT BELONGS.



FAIR ENOUGH. WE'LL GO TO HIM.

SO THEY WENT TO THE OLD TIGER.



THE TWO CREATURES BEGAN EXPLAINING THE SITUATION AT THE SAME TIME.



AS SOON AS THE UNSUSPECTING ANIMALS CAME CLOSE TO THE TIGER, HE SPRANG ON THEM...



...AND DEVoured THEM.



THE END

THE SERPENT AND THE RAT



THEN HE CAUGHT A RAT AND PUT IT INTO THE BASKET, TOO.

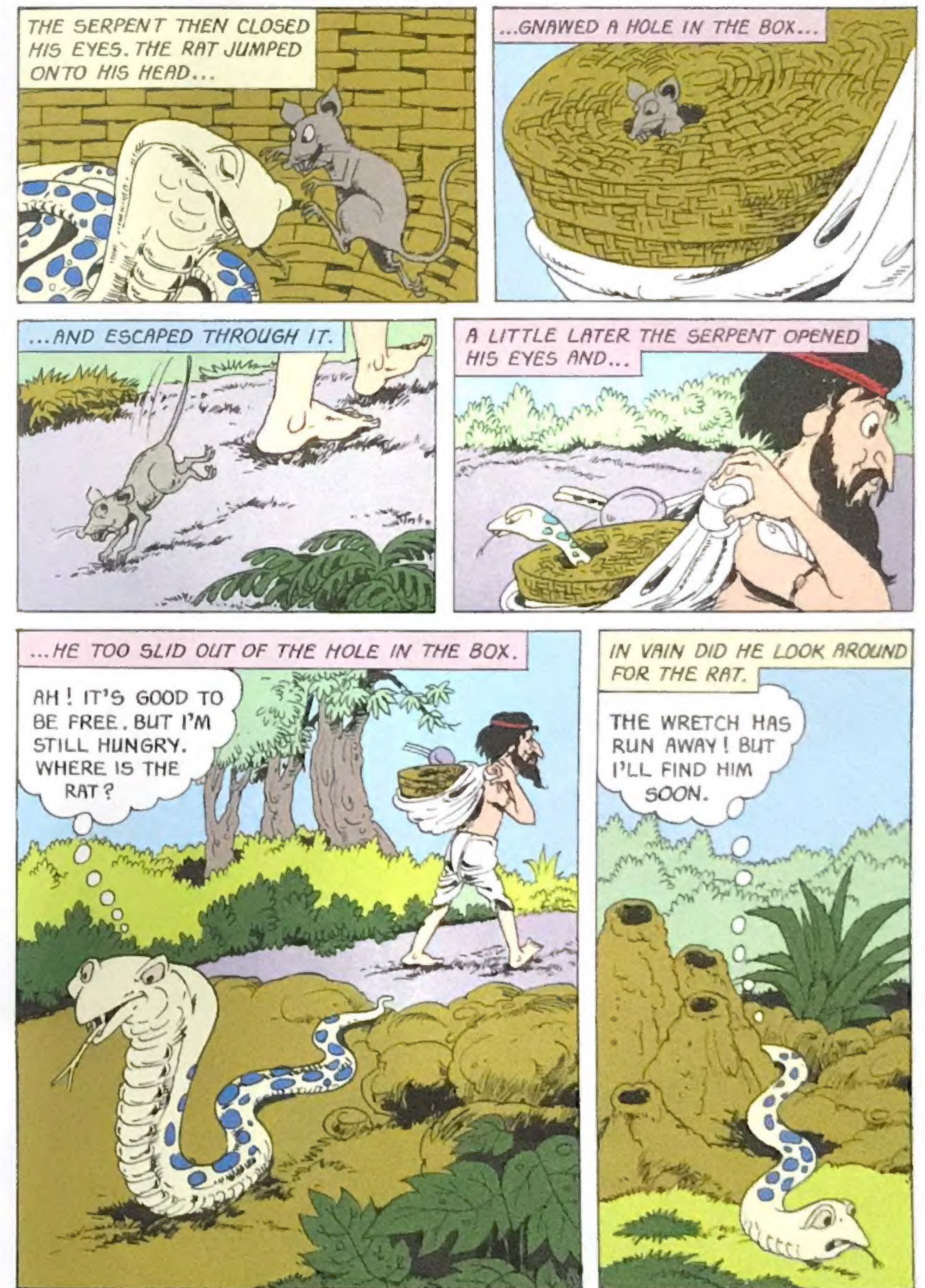


BUT WHEN THE SERPENT CAME NEAR THE RAT TO EAT IT—



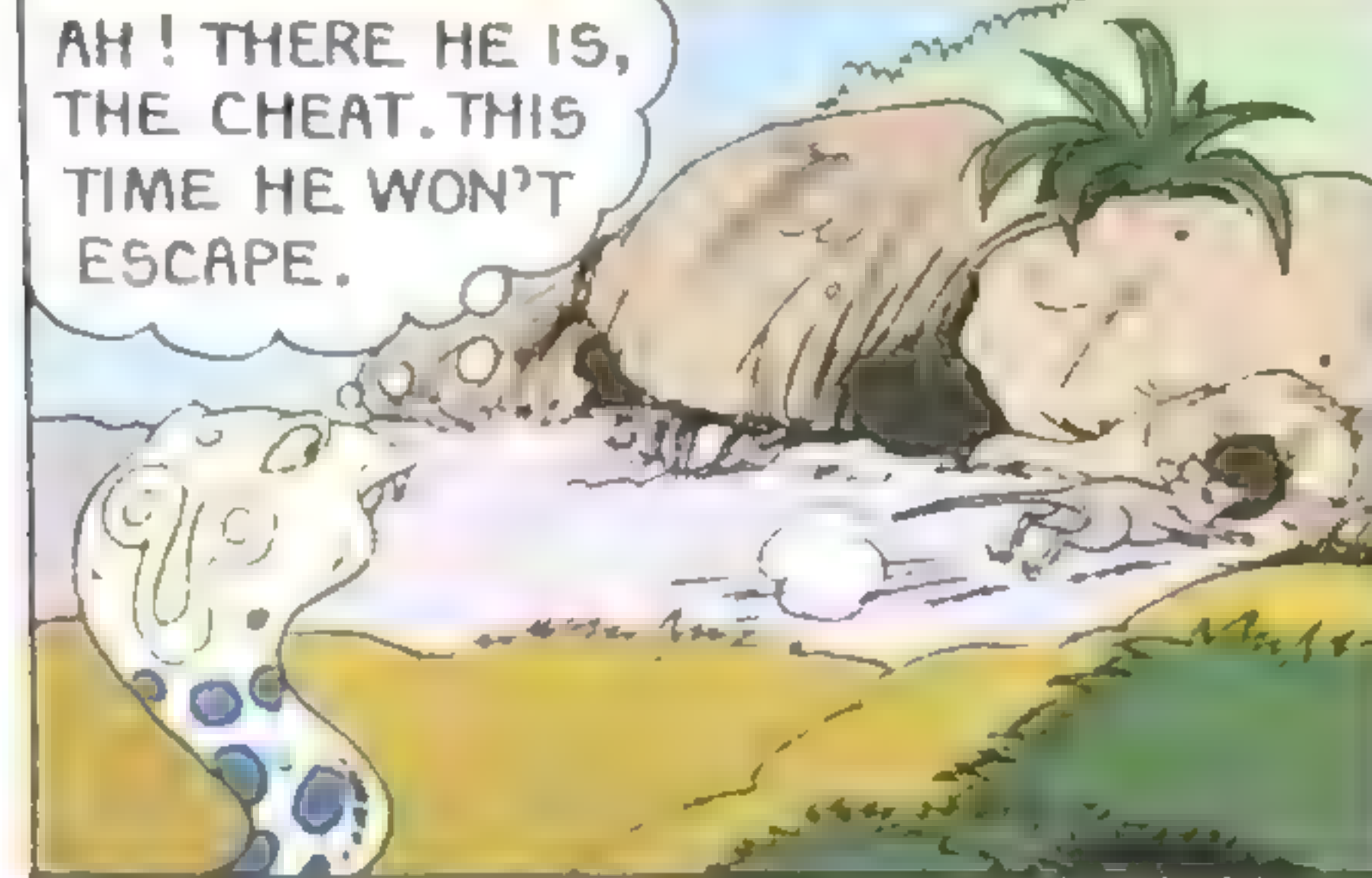
THE SERPENT WAS AMUSED.





A FEW DAYS LATER, THE SNAKE FOUND THE HOLE IN WHICH THE RAT WAS LIVING.

AH! THERE HE IS, THE CHEAT. THIS TIME HE WON'T ESCAPE.



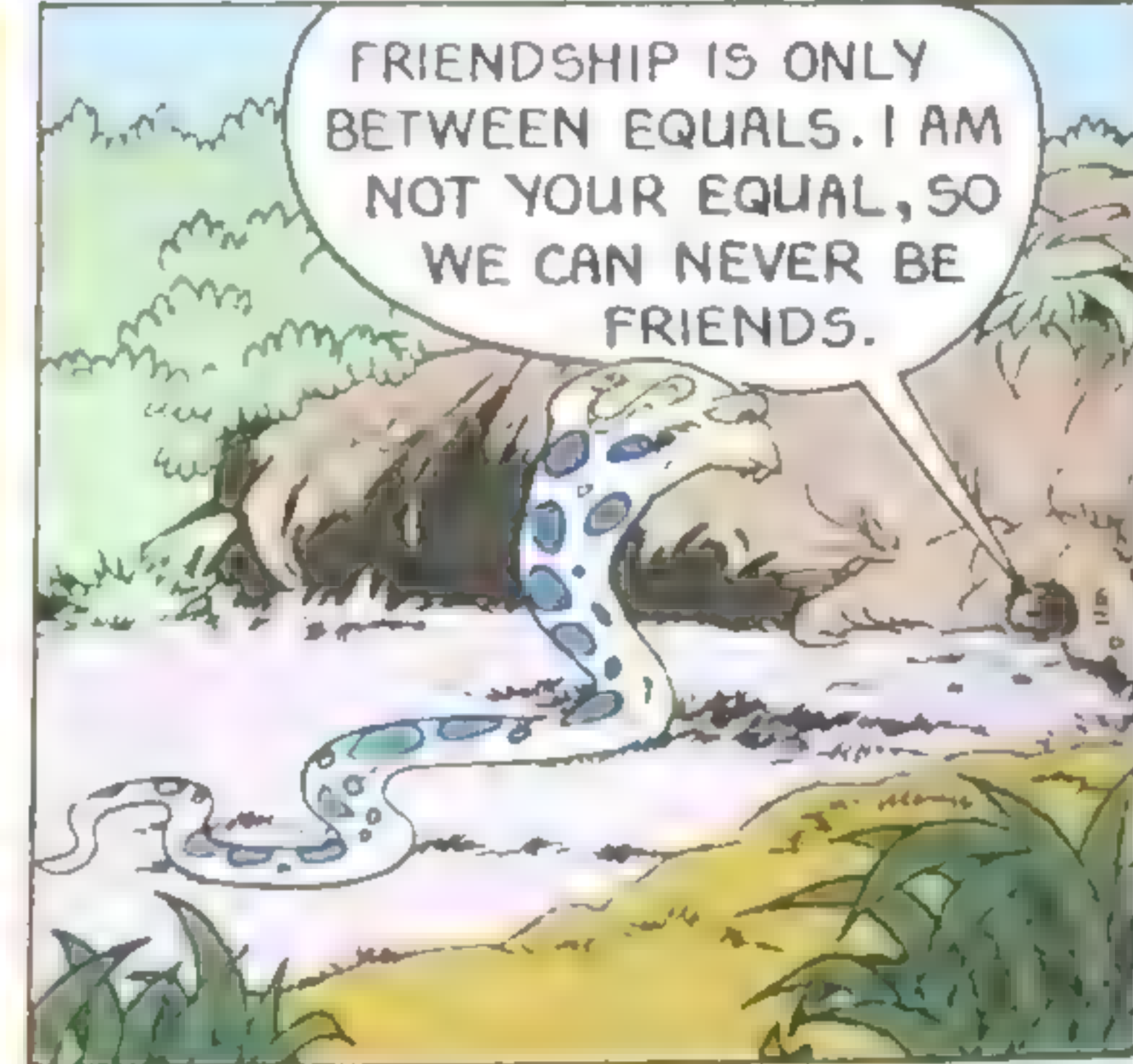
O RAT, WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY BEFORE I COULD THANK YOU? COME OUT NOW. AREN'T WE FRIENDS?



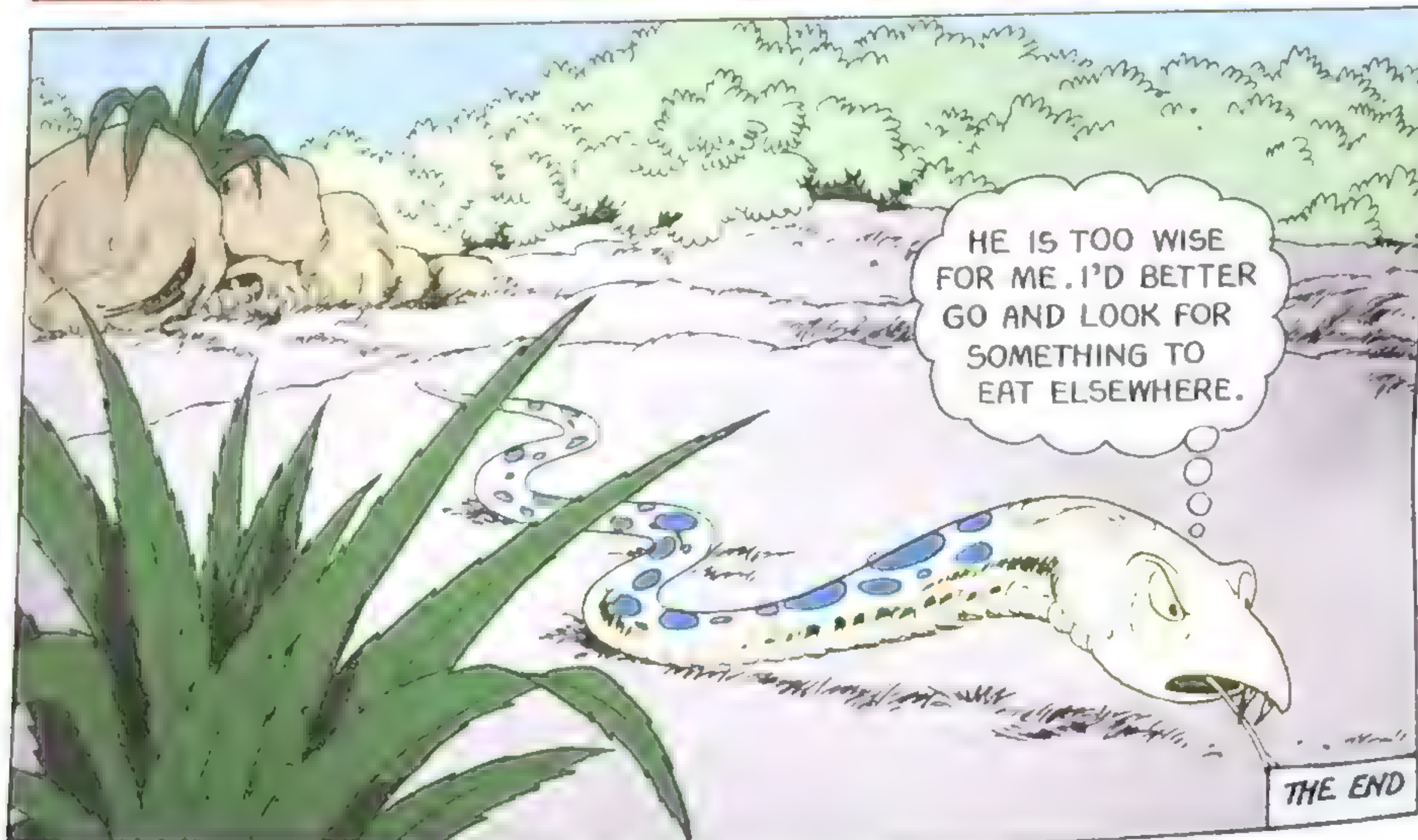
WE ARE NOT. YOU ARE MY ENEMY AND WILL EAT ME UP. I PRETENDED TO BE YOUR FRIEND ONLY TO SAVE MY LIFE.



FRIENDSHIP IS ONLY BETWEEN EQUALS. I AM NOT YOUR EQUAL, SO WE CAN NEVER BE FRIENDS.

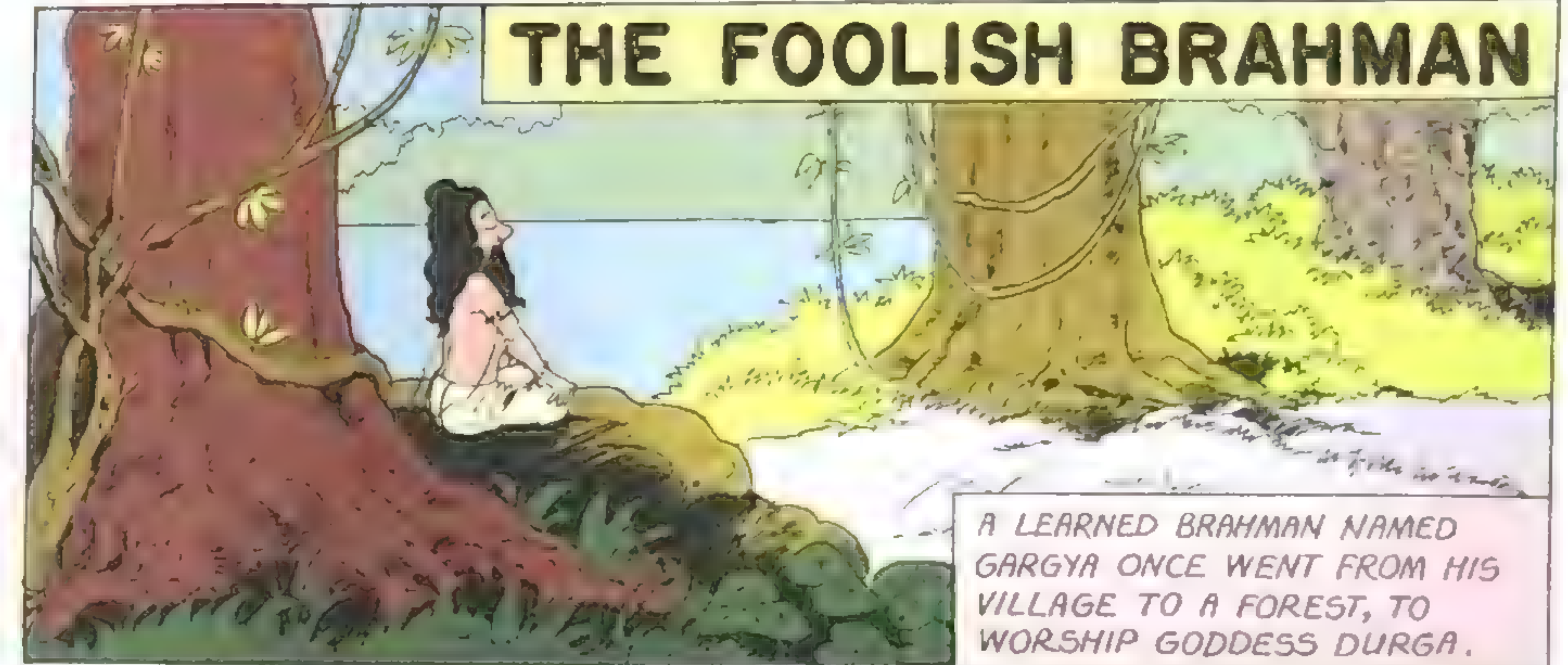


HE IS TOO WISE FOR ME. I'D BETTER GO AND LOOK FOR SOMETHING TO EAT ELSEWHERE.



THE END

THE FOOLISH BRAHMAN



A LEARNED BRAHMAN NAMED GARGYA ONCE WENT FROM HIS VILLAGE TO A FOREST, TO WORSHIP GODDESS DURGA.

PLEASED WITH HIS DEVOTION, THE GODDESS APPEARED BEFORE HIM.



O PIOUS BRAHMAN, YOU DESERVE A BOON. ASK FOR ONE.

O GODDESS, PLEASE GRANT ME THE SANJEEVANI.*

THE GODDESS HELD OUT SOME GREEN LEAVES.



WHENEVER YOU WANT TO BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE, ALL YOU NEED DO IS SPRINKLE THE SAP OF THESE LEAVES ON THE CORPSE.

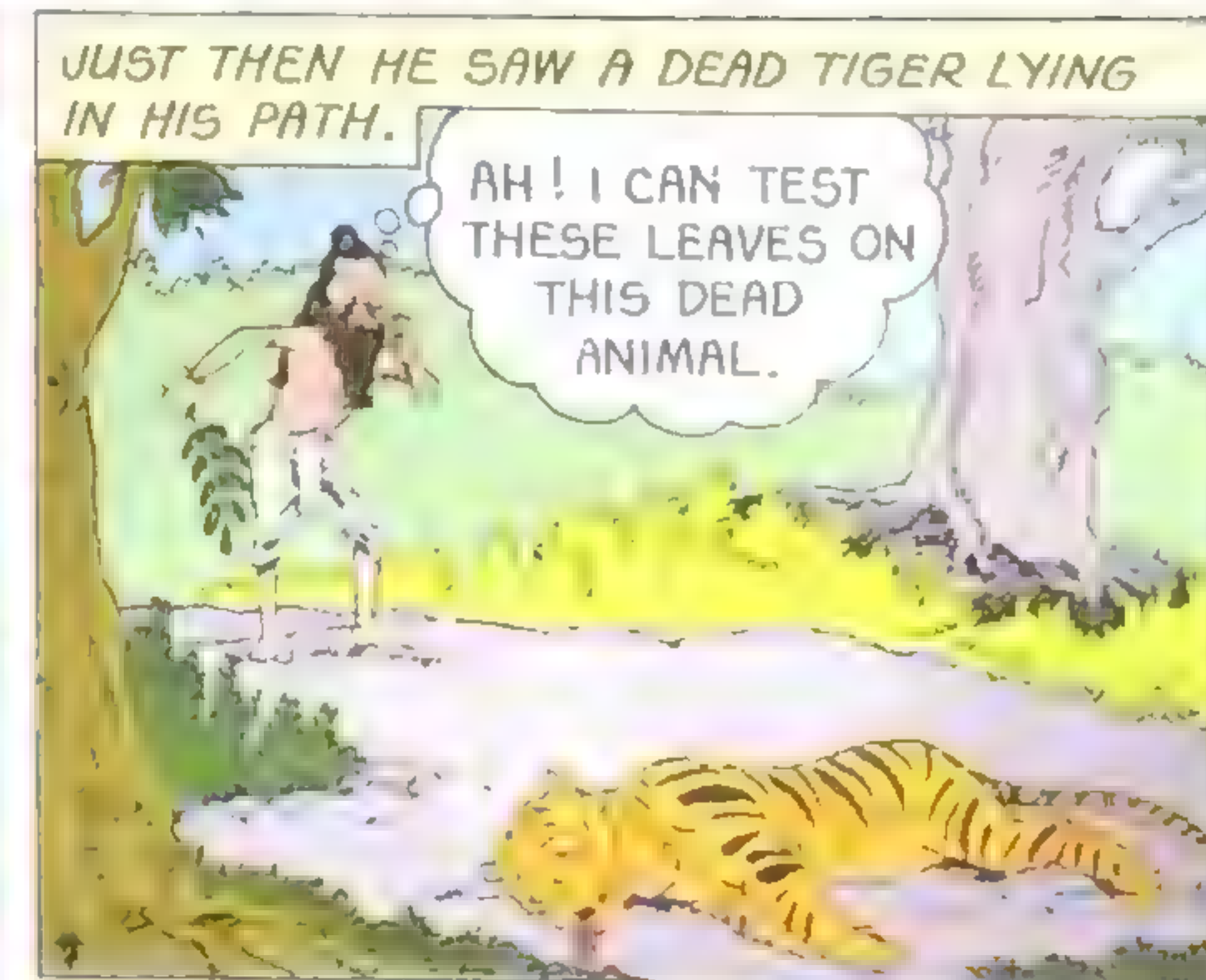
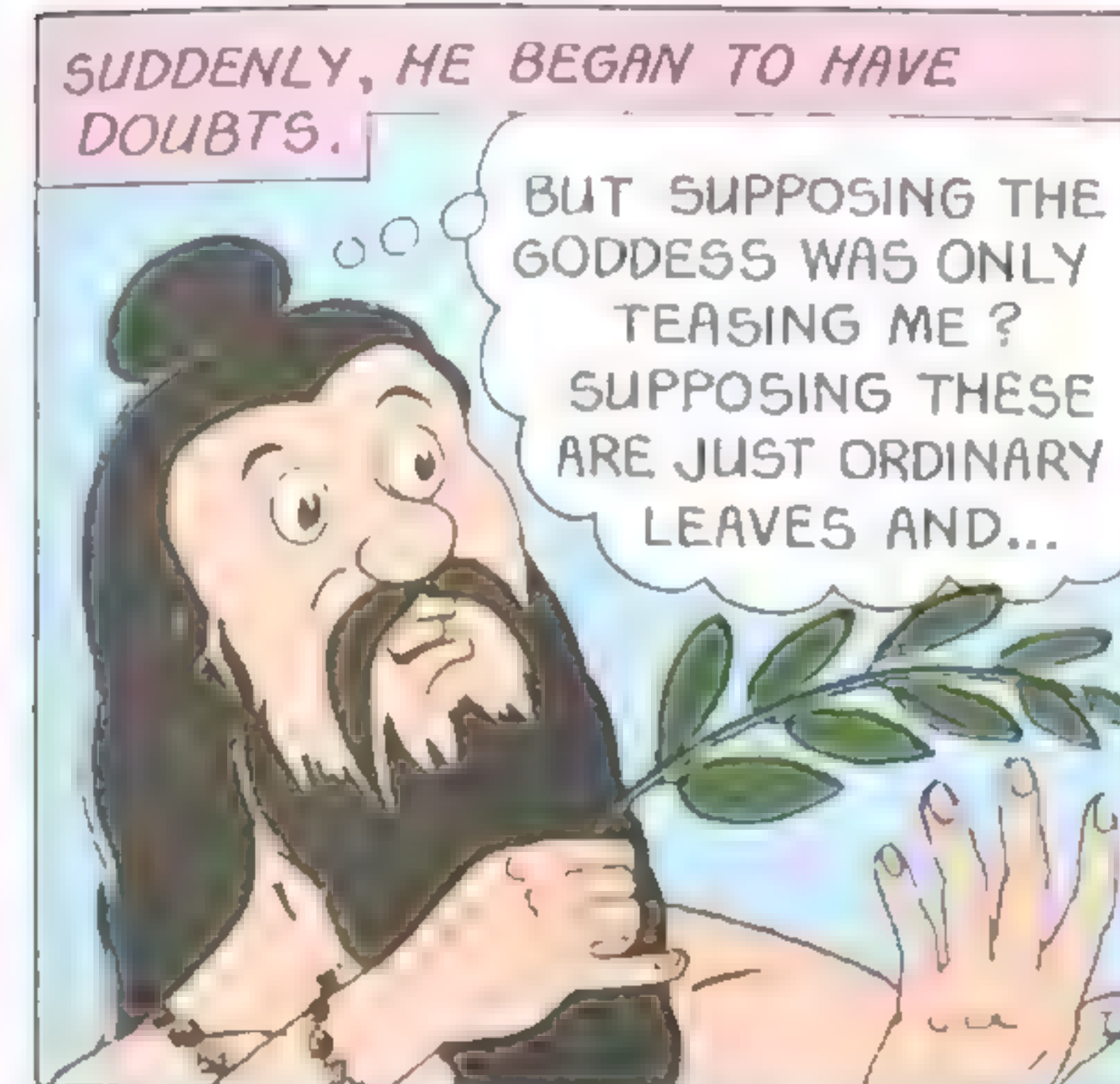
THE BODY THUS RAISED WILL BE STRONGER AND MORE VIGOROUS THAN BEFORE.



* A HERB WHICH IS CREDITED WITH THE POWER TO REVIVE THE DEAD.

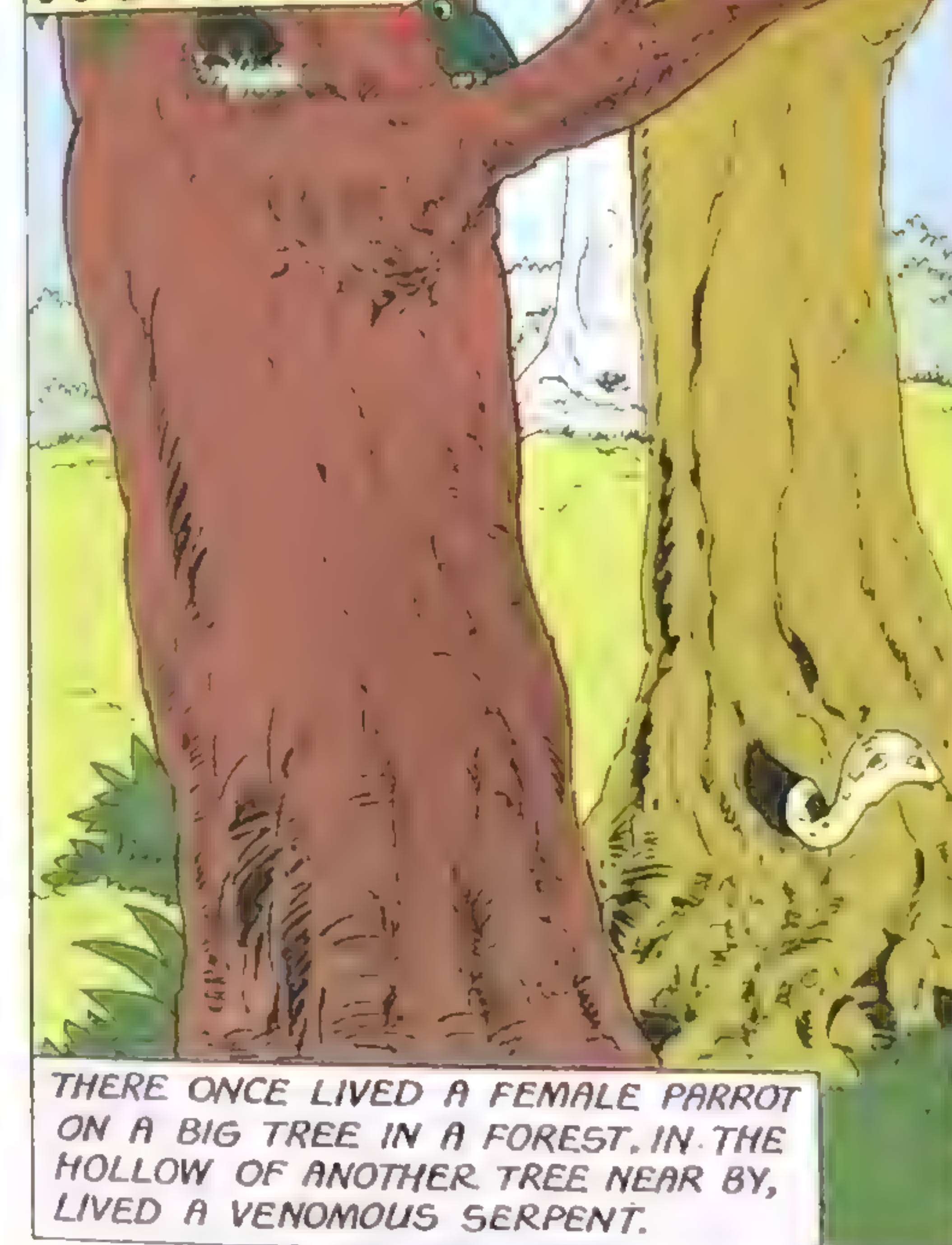


GARGYA WAS VERY HAPPY AS HE WALKED BACK TOWARDS HIS VILLAGE.





THE FEMALE PARROT AND THE HUNTER



THERE ONCE LIVED A FEMALE PARROT ON A BIG TREE IN A FOREST. IN THE HOLLOW OF ANOTHER TREE NEAR BY, LIVED A VENOMOUS SERPENT.



...AND SAT TENDERLY ON THEM. UNKNOWN TO HER, A HUNTER WAS CAREFULLY WATCHING HER FROM ANOTHER TREE.

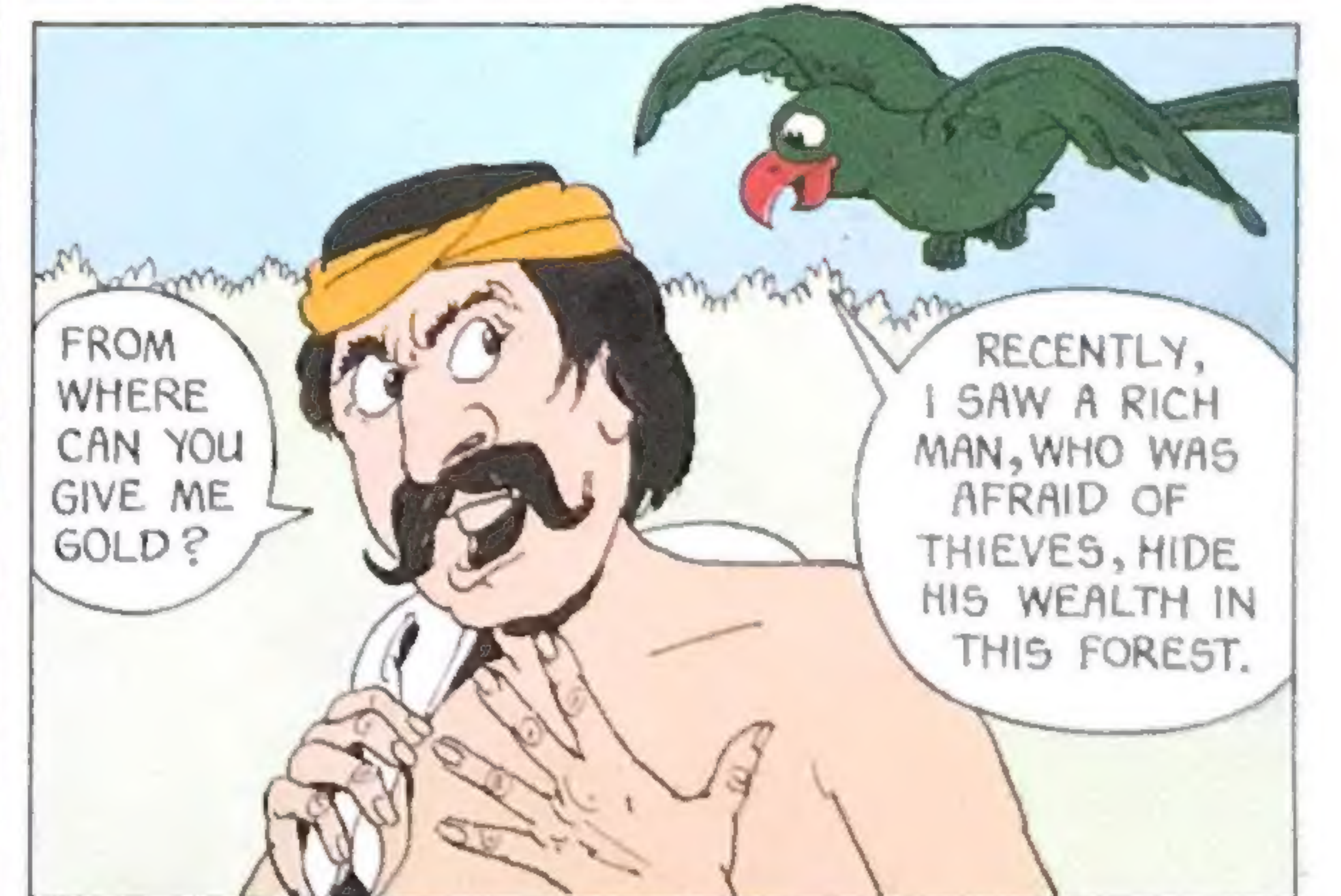
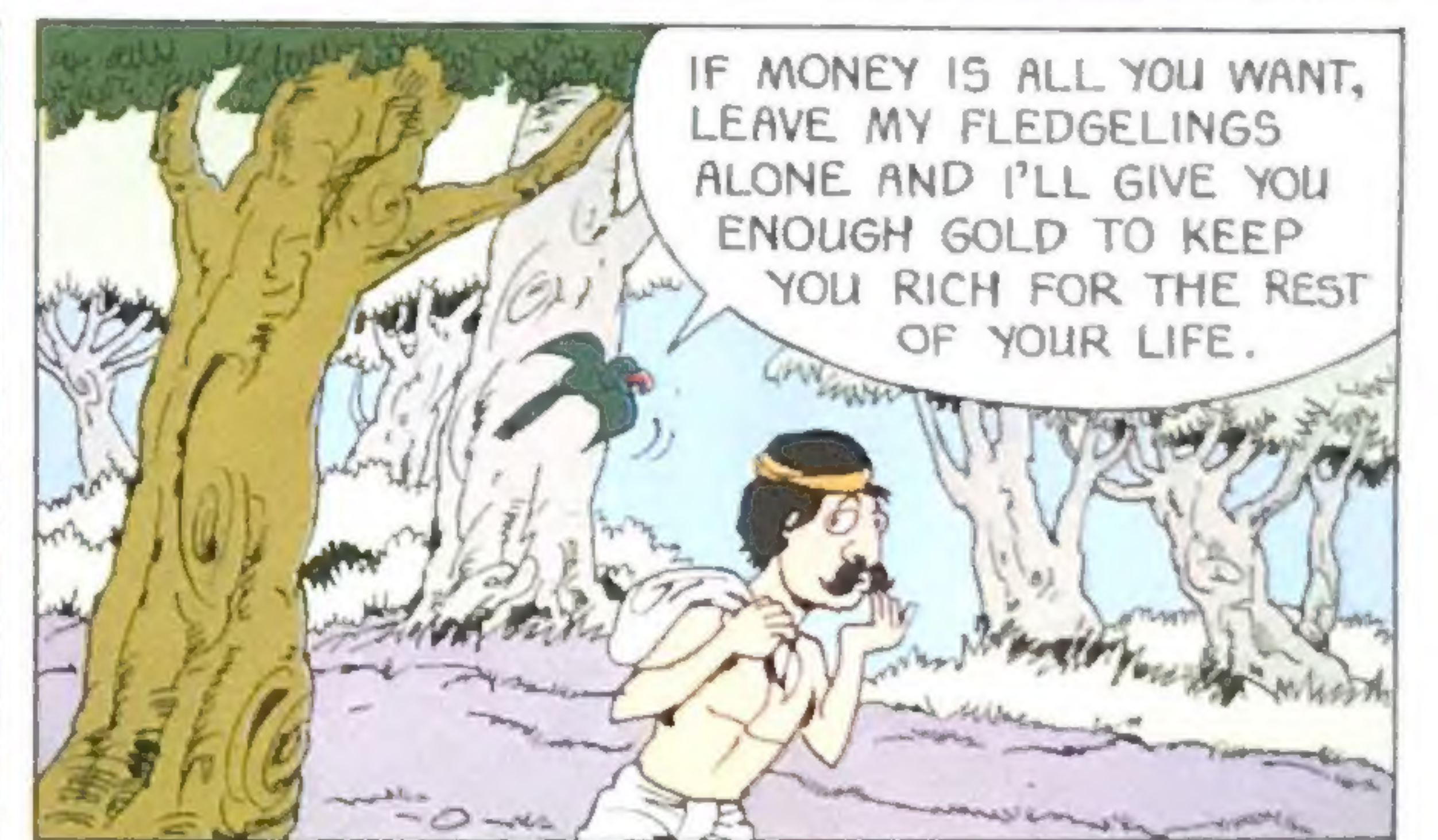
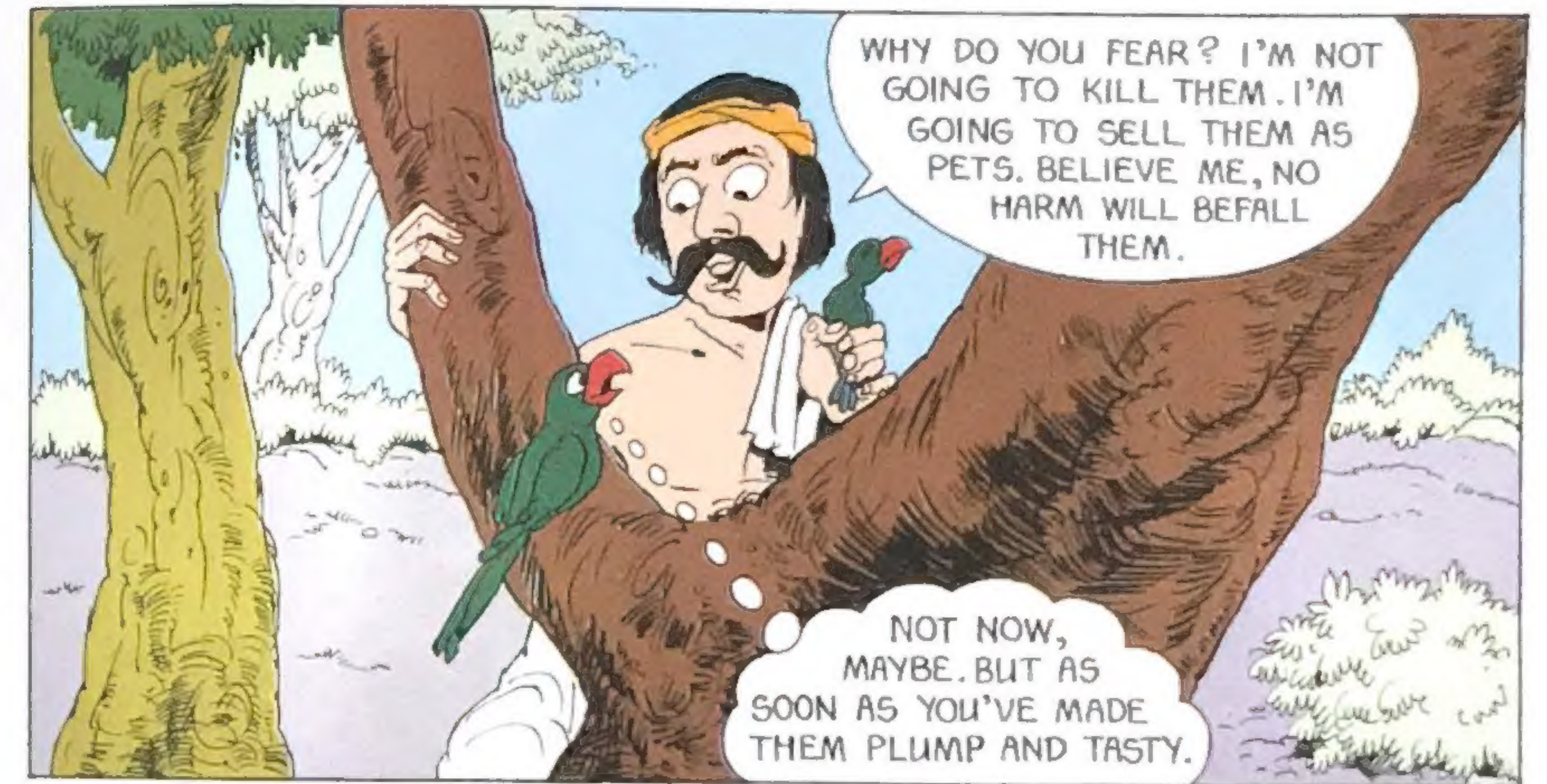
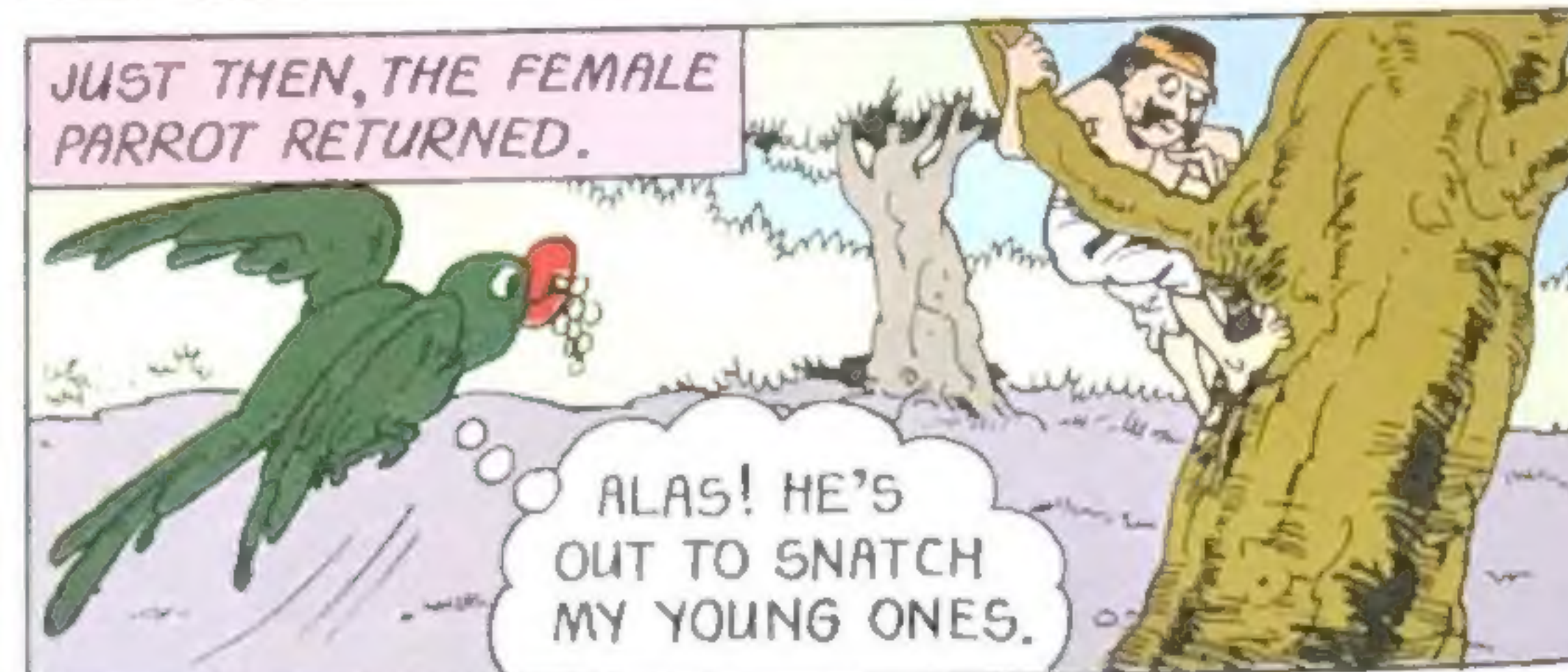


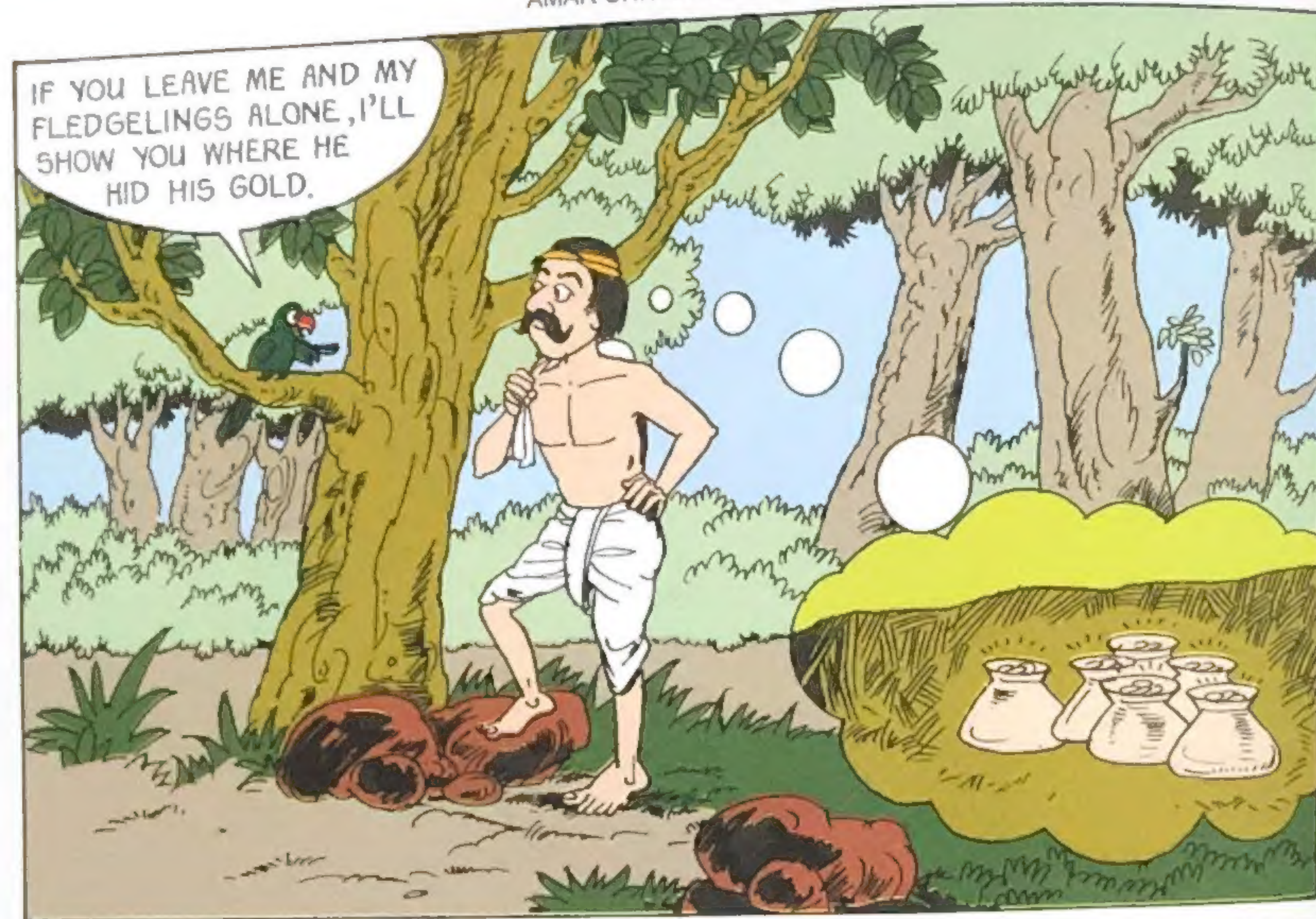
THEN ONE DAY THE HUNTER HEARD THE CHEEP OF FLEDGELINGS.





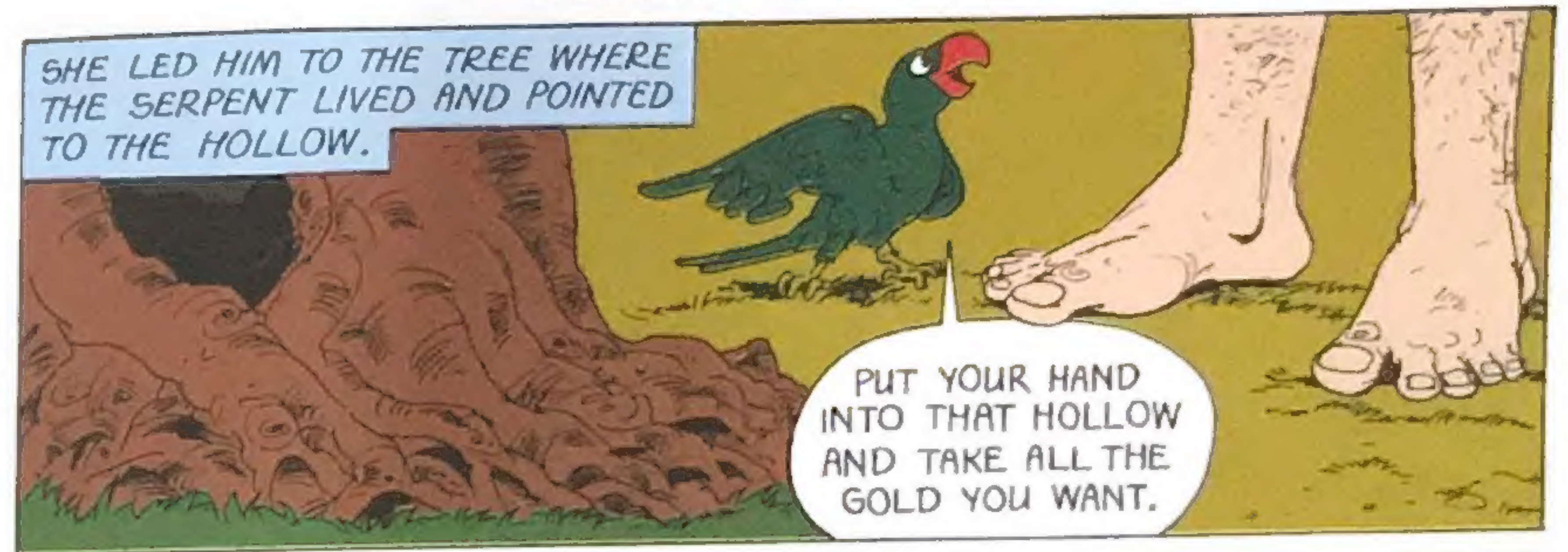
WHEN THE PARROT FLEW OFF, THE HUNTER CLIMBED THE TREE...





THE GREEDY HUNTER WAS VERY HAPPY.

ALL MINE! I'LL TAKE THE GOLD, THE FLEDGELINGS AND THE PARROT AS WELL. BUT FIRST I MUST WIN HER CONFIDENCE.

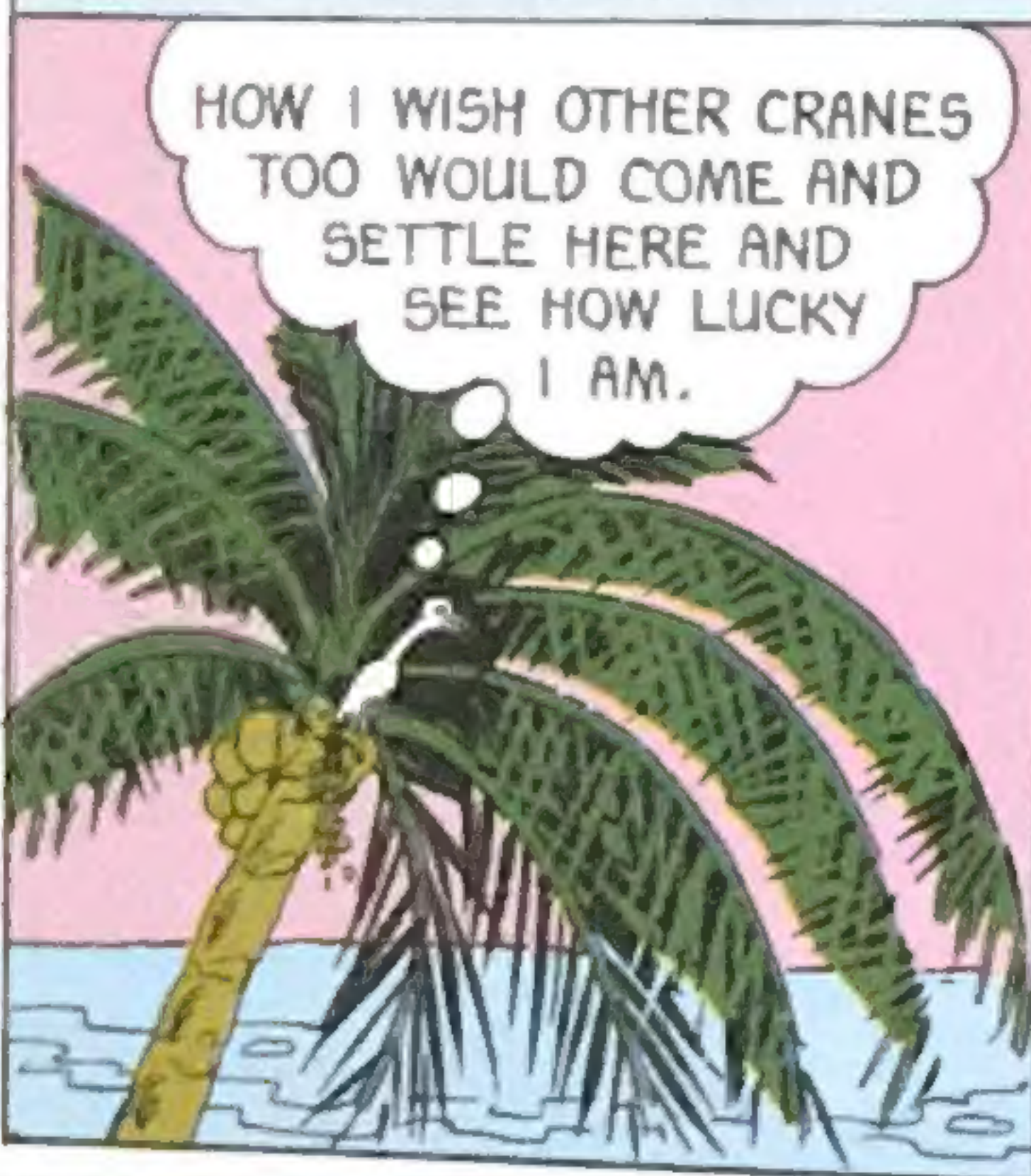


THE FOOLISH CRANE



LONG AGO, THERE LIVED AN OLD CRANE NEAR A LAKE ON THE BANK OF WHICH WAS A TALL COCONUT TREE.

THE LAKE BEING ALMOST DRY, THERE WERE JUST ENOUGH FISH FOR THE CRANE TO LIVE ON. BUT THE OLD CRANE WAS VAIN ABOUT HIS TREE AND HIS LAKE.

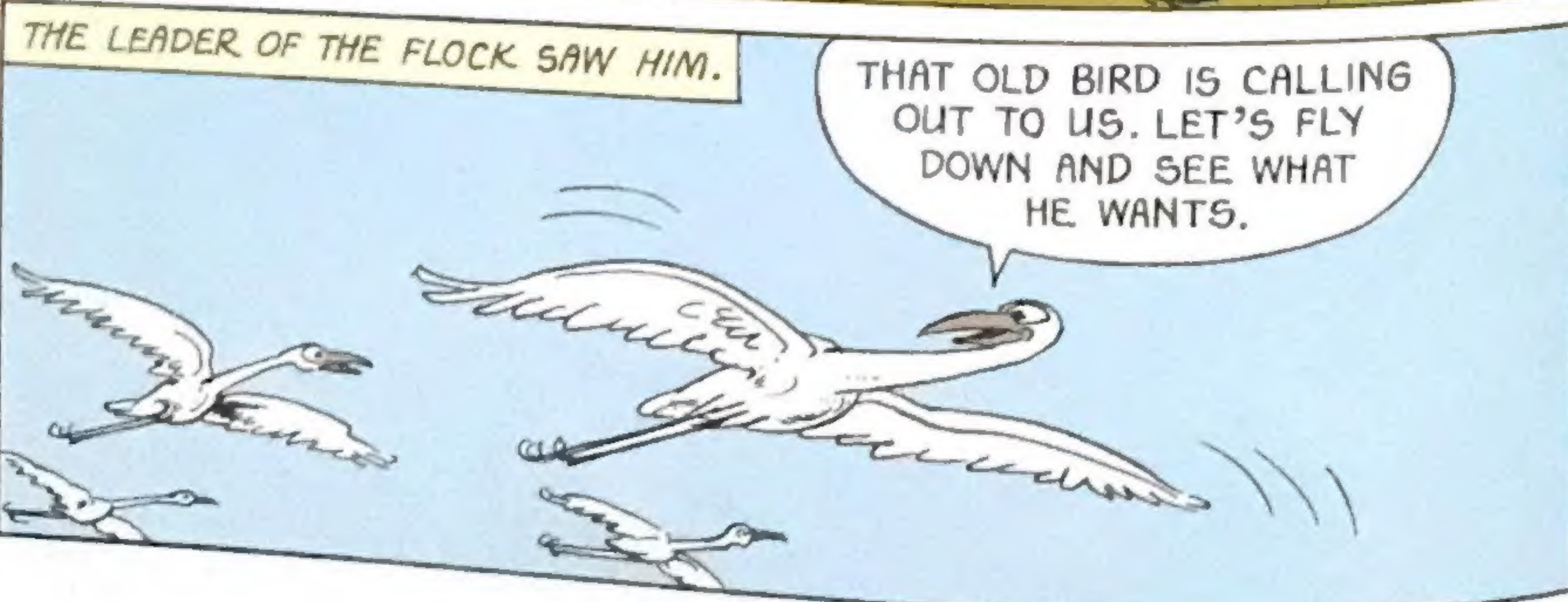


THEN ONE DAY, HE SAW A FLOCK OF CRANES FLYING PAST HIS LAKE.



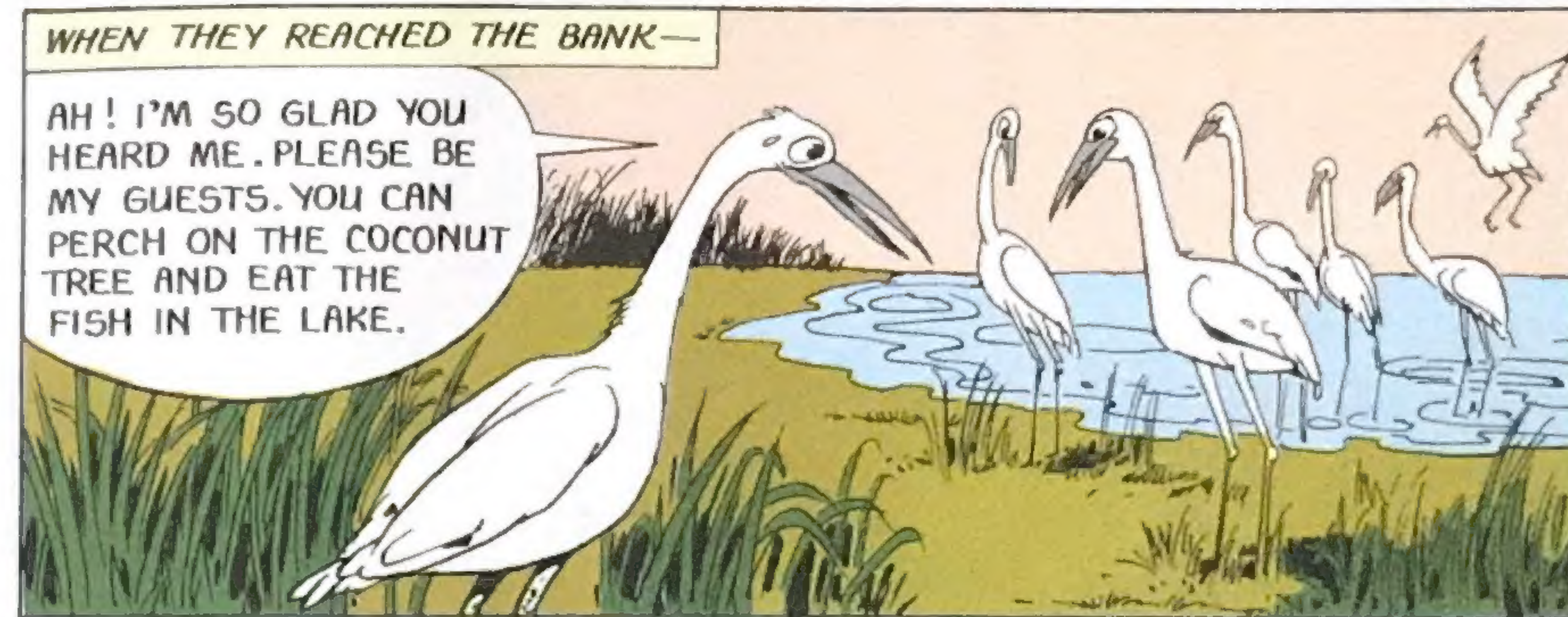
THE LEADER OF THE FLOCK SAW HIM.

THAT OLD BIRD IS CALLING OUT TO US. LET'S FLY DOWN AND SEE WHAT HE WANTS.



WHEN THEY REACHED THE BANK—

AH! I'M SO GLAD YOU HEARD ME. PLEASE BE MY GUESTS. YOU CAN PERCH ON THE COCONUT TREE AND EAT THE FISH IN THE LAKE.



HE IS GOOD BUT FOOLISH. HE WANTS TO IMPRESS US, BUT AT WHAT COST! HE WILL STARVE TO DEATH IF WE ACCEPT HIS INVITATION.



SO, ON BEHALF OF HIS FLOCK, THE WISE LEADER DECLINED THE OFFER.

WE ARE PLEASED BY YOUR AFFECTION FOR US. BUT PLEASE PERMIT US TO GO OUR WAY.



YES, OUR WISE LEADER IS RIGHT. WE ARE SO MANY OF US.



WHAT YOU HAVE IS SUFFICIENT ONLY FOR YOU. PLEASE PERMIT US TO GO ELSEWHERE.

IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT MY HOSPITALITY, I WILL GIVE UP MY LIFE.



THE WISE LEADER HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT.



SO THE CRANES ALL WENT TO THE COCONUT TREE.



THE OLD CRANE FELT QUITE PROUD AND STRUTTED ABOUT IN HIS VANITY.



THE FLOCK OF CRANES TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD AND BEGAN FEASTING ON THE FISH.



WITH ALL THEIR BETTING THEY SOON FINISHED ALL THE FISH IN THE LAKE.



THE OLD CRANE BEGAN TO REPENT OF HIS FOLLY BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THAT EVENING THE LEADER OF THE FLOCK CAME TO HIM—



AS THEY FLEW AWAY, THE LEADER FELT SORRY FOR THE LONE CRANE NEAR THE LAKE.

HE'S TOO OLD TO FLY WITH US. IF ONLY HE HAD LISTENED TO US! POOR FOOL! HE WILL NOT SURVIVE FOR LONG.

